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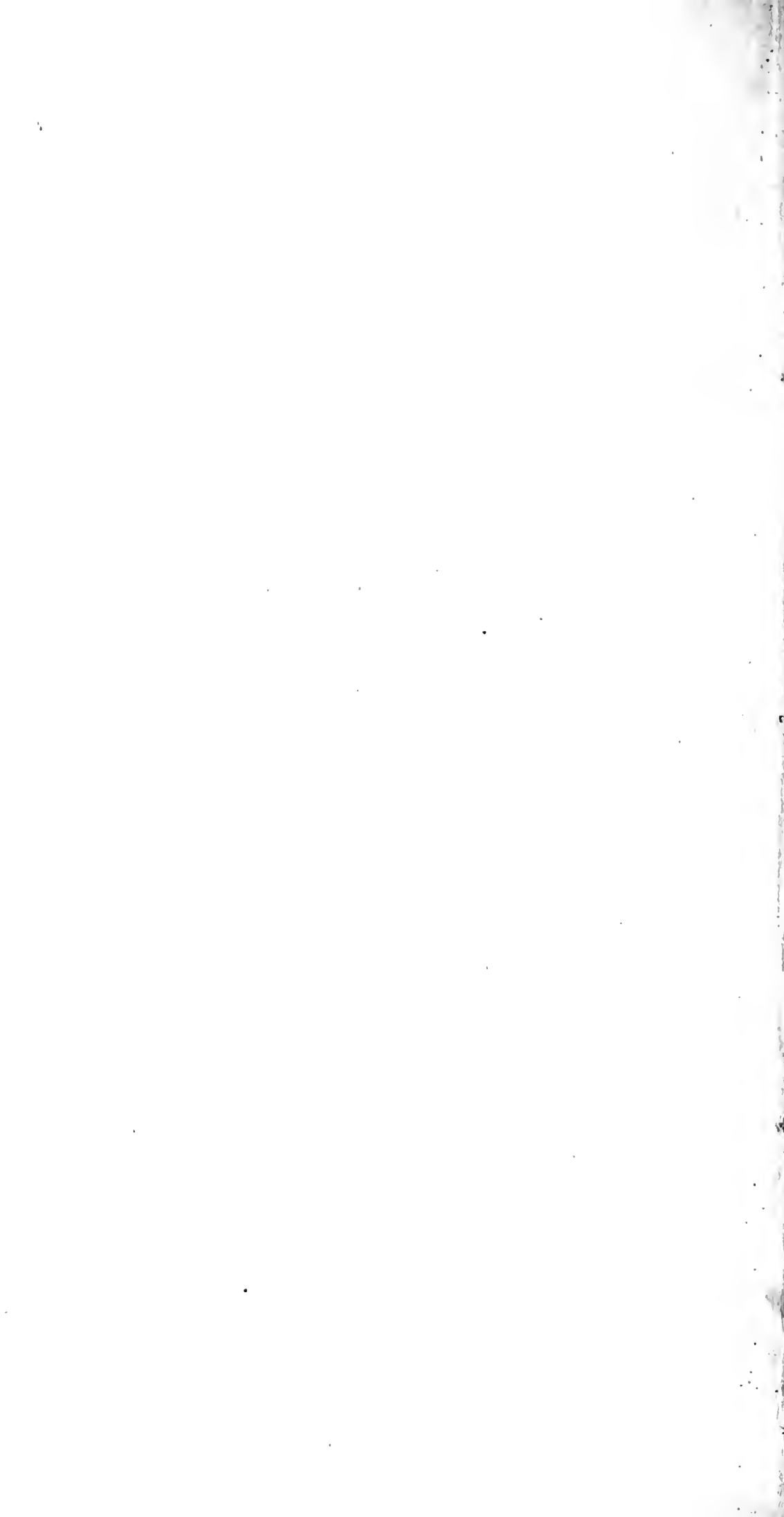
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TALES  
OF  
THE JURY ROOM.



TALIS QUALIS,

OR,

TALES OF THE JURY ROOM.

BY

GERALD GRIFFIN, Esq.,

AUTHOR OF "GISIPPUS," THE "COLLEGIANS," &c.

---

Eamus in jus.

PLAUT. *Pomilius*, Act v.

*Dogberry*. Are you good men and true?

*Much ado about Nothing*.

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IN THREE VOLUMES.

VOL. I.

LONDON.

MAXWELL AND CO., PUBLISHERS,  
30, SOUTHAMPTON STREET, STRAND.

1842.

L O N D O N :

J. WYATT, Printer, 4, The Terrace, Old Kent Road.



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## *EDITOR'S PREFACE.*

—o—

Some of the Stories in the following collection, are translations of ancient Irish manuscripts, and, as specimens of the national romance in ruder ages, must be regarded as great literary curiosities. They all display much fertility and richness of imagination, in some instances not inferior to the most celebrated fictions of the East. The "Swans of Lir," in particular, which is a perfectly literal translation from the Irish, without a word added or omitted, contains remarkable evidence of the purity and chasteness of thought, which characterized some of these writings, as well as the straight forward simplicity, and the absence of all trick or mystery in the plan upon which they were framed. It is necessary to mention, that one of these romances originally given as one of the "Tales of the Jury Room," has been omitted by the Editor. Although

very imaginative and new, it was not more characteristic than those which remain, and it contained many repetitions which would have been considered tedious. The story of Sigismund, found among Mr. Griffin's papers, has been given in its place. The circumstance of the omission, rather than any particular interest or attractiveness in the latter tale, must account for its being placed first in the series. It seems to be a translation, or rather, like Lamb's Stories from Shakespear, a version of one of Calderon's plays, which may explain the obvious difference of style between it and the author's original writings.

## P R E F A C E .

—o—

A long preface, courteous reader, to so slight a performance as this which is here presented for your indulgent perusal, is a task which we doubt not you will readily excuse us for eschewing. Our Jurors, you will see, (should you remain a sufficient time in their company,) have dipped deep into the well of early Irish romance for your amusement and their own. For the *rifacimenta* thence drawn up, as well as for the original tales with which they are interspersed, it will be sufficient for us if you are pleased to pronounce them, what the Jury themselves were—*tales de circumstantibus*—as good as their neighbours.



## THE JURY-ROOM.

Sweet masters be at accord!" *As you like it.*

It was during the Assize week of an important city in the South of Ireland, that a grave looking gentleman dressed in a sober suit of brown and Petersham top coat, was observed riding with a somewhat inquisitive air through the dense crowds who thronged the open space before the city and county Court-house. Every thing in his appearance announced a person of good sense and prudence. His dress was neither too good for the road nor too mean for the wearer's rank as indicated by his demeanour; his hat was decent, but evidently not his best; a small spotted shawl folded

cravat-wise, protected his throat and ears from the rather moist and chilly air of an early Irish spring. A pair of doe-skin caps, or over-alls, buttoned on the knees, defended those essential hinges of the lower man from the danger of contracting any rhumatic rust in the open air ; while gloves of the same material and top-boots neatly *foxed*, evinced in the extremities of the wearer's person the same union of economy and just sufficient attention to appearances which was observable in all the rest of his attire.

The countenance likewise was one which at the first glance attracted the respect and confidence of the beholder. It was marked by a certain air of goodwill and probity of character, with a due consciousness of the owner's position in life, and an expression which seemed to intimate that he would not be willingly deficient in what was due to others, nor readily forfeit any portion of what was fairly owing to himself.

As is usually the case when a stranger makes his appearance amid an idle crowd, all eyes were fixed upon him as he leisurely walked his horse toward a small hotel which stood at a little distance from the



Court-house. Giving the bridle to the hostler, with the easy air of one who seldom hurries about anything, and of the two feels less satisfaction in motion than in rest, he alighted, and after desiring, in what seemed an English accent, that the horse should not be fed, until he had leisure, himself, to visit the animal in the stall, he drew off his gloves, looked up and down the street, then up at the sky, where the clouds seemed just deliberating whether they would rain or no, took off his hat, inspected it all over, thrust his gloves into the pocket of his great coat, and finally entered the coffee-room. It may seem trifling to mention all those motions of the traveller with so much precision, but not one of them was lost upon the intelligent observers in the street, who doubtless would not have employed a thing so valuable as time in watching the movements of an entire stranger, if there were not something very important, though still a mystery to them in every turn he took.

The coffee-room was at this instant the scene of a very animated discussion. It needed only a few minutes standing at the fire, and lending an ear occasionally to

what went forward, to render the grave-looking gentleman somewhat curious to know more of the affair at issue. Some asked with sparkling eyes "whether the Penal Code was to be re-enacted?" Others talked of the "enlightened age in which we live," and said very often that "the days were gone by when the people could be trampled on with impunity." Others who seemed of an opposite way of thinking, talked with equal vehemence of "the dark ages," of "the fires of Smithfield," and "the gunpowder plot," with sundry other allusions to by-gone massacres and conflagrations, and asked "if the Inquisition was about to be again established in all its terrible power."

These alarming expressions whetted the curiosity of the stranger, who looked vainly around for some time in search of a neutral face, to which he might address an enquiry with some chance of his being listened to. His eyes at length alighted on that of a middled-aged quiet-looking person, who sat on one side of the fire with half-closed eyes, a newspaper in his hand, and an expression on his countenance as if he were rather

amused than interested by what was going forward. On hearing the stranger's question, he civilly laid aside the paper and turning his person toward the fire, said with a smile :

“It appears you are but newly arrived, sir, or you would have no necessity to ask that question.”

“You are quite right ; I never was in the town before the last quarter of an hour.”

“That is evident by your knowing nothing of the affair which has kept the whole city and county likewise in a state of commotion during the last fortnight.”

“Bless me !—some conspiracy discovered ?”

“Not exactly.”

“Some appalling murder then ?—some clergyman shot on account of tithes ?—or perhaps an affray between the peasantry and police ?”

“Why, sir,” replied the quiet looking gentleman still smiling, “after all your grand conjectures, I confess I am ashamed to tell you the exact truth, it must cut so paltry a figure in the comparison. But if you be an Englishman as I suppose, [the stranger bowed] and on a tour of pleasure [the stranger shook his head] or

business — [the stranger protruded his lips and lifted his eyebrows with a half-dissenting air]—or both perhaps united [the stranger nodded his head as if to say, “you have gone nearer to the mark.”] and are desirous of carrying home with you some notion of the state of society in this country, [another nod of assent] the circumstance may be worth your hearing. You should know in the first place, that in every city, town, and village in Ireland, from the metropolis down to the pettiest municipality that is kept in order by a few police and a court of petty sessions, there are two parties, who between them continue to keep society in one continual uproar. Now in such a state of things, if there be any disgrace in neutrality, I confess there are some few besides myself who make a principle of incurring it. It is not that I am insensible to the good or evil being of the country that gives me bread, but I hate both bigotry and balderdash, and as it seems impossible to meddle in public affairs and at the same time steer a clear course between the one and the other with any chance of being attended to, I content

myself with doing whatever little good I can in a quiet way, and feel inclined rather to be amused by the vehemence of others than to be induced to imitate them,”

“Since you are so moderate” said the stranger “I will not fear wounding your nationality by saying that you have just uttered the most rational speech I have heard since I arrived in Ireland.”

“Ah, you know that the compliment to my personal vanity is sufficient to cover any umbrage I might feel on the score of country. However, so it is. Well—out of such a state of affairs, it arises, that every mole-hill between the parties is magnified into an Olympus—The local newspapers teem with rumours, with national misdeeds upon the one side, and ready contradictions of the “foul calumny” upon the other, for as you may have observed since you entered the room, neither party is deficient in vigour of language. Then there are meetings and counter meetings—letters from “Veritas” “Eye-Witness” “Victor” “Fair-Play” “Lovers of Truth” and “Lovers of Justice,” the most of whom prove each other to deserve any character, rather

than that which their signature assumes. "Veritas" is shown to be a hired official, whom nobody could trust; "Eye Witness" to have been fifty miles away at the time the occurrence took place! "Victor" to be a constant resident in the neighbourhood he affects to have visited with the impartiality of a disinterested traveller: "Fair Play" to be a notoriously one sided partizan, and the whole bunch of lovers of truth, and lovers of justice to be remarkable amongst all their acquaintances for the total absence of those qualities. I declare to you, though I love my country, and am not, in the habit of carrying any sentiment to an extreme, when I consider such a state of society, and the total absence of peace and happiness which it involves, I am often tempted to turn heretic to the "enlightened opinions of the age" and long for a good stout despotism, which would compel them all to hold their tongues. But what has all this to do with the question you asked me? you shall judge for yourself and probably you will see no great apparent connection when I tell you that all you have heard relates to a trial for

breach of promise of marriage which has been this moment called on in our court-house.

“Breach of promise !” exclaimed the stranger.

“It is a fact, I assure you. The parties are unhappily of the opposite factions—not that I believe either the lady or gentleman care much whether they break their eggs at the big or little end, and indeed it is generally supposed that the affair would have been long since arranged in the happiest manner for both, were it left in their own hands. But the gentleman, against his better will, has been led to act unhandsomely by his friends of one party, and the lady, against her inclination also, has been moved to commence law proceedings by her friends who are of another side, and so the town has been all alive in expectation of the result, and the court-house is thronged with partizans who see a great deal more in the case than a mere suit at *nisi prius*. Challenging has run so high that counsel have been already compelled to pray a *tales*.”

Stimulated rather by a general feeling of curiosity than moved by any particular interest in the suit at issue

the stranger, after politely thanking the quiet gentleman for his civility, put on his hat and walked out in the direction of the court-house. There was something in his appearance which opened a way for him through the crowd, and the police and bailiffs were seen to push aside all the country people with the butts of their carbines, and hold the little iron gate-ways open as he drew nigh. After listening for some time to the counsel and witnesses who seemed bent up to harangue and swear their best in honour of the occasion, our traveller began to feel as if he had heard enough of it, and returning to the inward flagged hall, cast his eyes about, and seemed desirous to inspect the remainder of the building. Passing along a somewhat lengthy hall which divided the civil from the criminal court, he ascended a short circular flight of stairs, which brought him to a landing place on which he could perceive several doors leading in different directions. One of those by some unaccountable neglect stood a-jar at the present moment. It would appear that if the grave-looking stranger had a foible it was that for which the tender-



hearted wife of Bluebeard was so near forfeiting her life. The silence of the place, the mystery of so many closed doors at a moment of so much bustle and confusion, and the tempting air of that which stood invitingly half open, provoked his curiosity with a degree of force which he had not firmness to resist. He pushed in the door. All was silent inside. The room had a bare, and scantily furnished appearance. A painted deal table stood in the centre, on which were scattered some paper, pens and ink. Near it, irregularly placed, stood one or two wooden forms, and a few chairs. On the side of the chamber opposite to the door by which he had entered, was a window dim with dust, which looked out upon the narrow and ill-paved back street of the city. A neglected though still tolerable fire burned in the capacious grate. In one corner was a large press or double cup-board inserted into the wall, the upper portion of which was locked. Not so the lower in which the inquisitive stranger only observed a few acts of parliament in stitched covers, barony books, and some torn law papers. Near this stood an

enormous basket filled with turf for the purpose of replenishing the fire.

It needed not now, the aid of a conjurer to tell our traveller into what chamber of the building he had penetrated. It was the JURY-ROOM. Struck by the natural reflections, which the place was calculated to excite in any mind, but more especially in one of a thoughtful and generous turn, such as that of the grave stranger, it was some time before he recollected the awkwardness of his own situation in the absorbing reverie which seized upon him. The many fellow beings, on whom the *fiat* of life or death had been passed within that room, the families who had been consigned to misery, the many occasions on which passion and interest had there taken the place of justice, to the condemnation, perhaps of the innocent or the absolution of the guilty, all those and other circumstances furnished matter which detained him in the mood of thought for a considerable time. Insensibly he passed to the institution of the much valued system, thence to the manifold schemes by which the "wisdom of ages"

has sought at various times to defend the pure administration of justice from the intermeddling of human passion, and thence again, ascending higher in abstraction as he continued his musing, to the corruption of society in general, and the misery of man, whom not even a device so beautiful as this great boast of the British constitution could protect against the evil of his own perverse and fallen nature.

By this time the night had already begun to close. The din of the city was hushed into a low murmur in which might be distinguished the call of the watchman in the street, the occasional rattle of a passing vehicle, and the ringing of some of the chapel bells summoning the people to the evening prayers, usual in the time of Lent. The same evening silence had fallen within the circuit of the place of justice, and the voice of the presiding judge was heard distinctly, though faintly in the act of delivering his concluding charge. Even this sound ceased at length, and nothing was heard except that general murmur which arises in a crowd when something occurs to relax the

absorbing attention in which all have been enchained for a considerable time before.

“And wretches hang, that jurymen may dine!”

exclaimed the stranger, awaking from his reverie, when he was startled by an alarming sound, which first brought to his mind the critical position in which he had placed himself. A door was heard to open and shut, and presently the clattering of a bailiff's halberd and the tramp of many feet was heard upon the little flight of steps, by which he had ascended. The jury were coming! What was to become of him? There was only one legitimate point of entrance, or of exit, and that was the door, through which he came and which the important twelve were now approaching, brimful of law and evidence. The window was on the first floor and looked out upon an uninviting stone pavement. What should he do? The consequences of being detected were unknown to him. He had heard much of the crime of attempting to tamper with a jury. The cup-board behind the turf-basket! It was not a very dignified resource, but it was his only

one, and being a time not for deliberation, but for action, he managed to secrete himself just as the bailiff threw the door open, and ushered the juryman into the chamber. Our traveller heard, with a feeling more easily imagined than described, the door shut fast again, and the key turned in the lock outside.

After a few moments of deliberative silence, the discussion commenced, and was not long in reaching a height which did not forbode a speedy unanimity of opinion on the case in hand. What amused the stranger, notwithstanding his awkward situation, was to hear how little they dwelt upon the nature of the evidence that had been brought before them, or on the points of law laid down by the judge in his charge. The chief points of contention, soon became restricted to questions of theology and history, between which and the guilt or innocence of the defendant, our traveller would have found it hard to trace any connection, were it not for the hints previously thrown out by the quiet gentleman at the hotel. The allusions made, if not so broad as in the coffee-room, were fully as much to the point, and as remarkable for their severity and

lucid vigour. The lash was administered freely though politely on both sides, and the deeds of buried popes and kings were insinuated into the discussion, evidently more in aid of the immediate purpose than with any unkindly or vindictive feeling towards the ashes of the long mouldering delinquents. Hits, however, were dealt liberally against the living and the dead. St. Gregory the Seventh, and Harry the Eighth Anna Boleyn and Catherine de Medicis, Queen Mary, and Queen Elizabeth, all came in for their share, and if the opposing parties were not always successful in the defence they set up for their friends, they seldom failed to make up for the deficiency by a well aimed thrust at some cherished name upon the enemy's side.

Perceiving that it was not likely they could agree, the Foreman knocked at the door, and bade the bailiff call the County High Sheriff. When that personage arrived, the Foreman in the name of the Jury requested him to inform the judge that they had not been able to agree upon their verdict, nor was it likely they should do for a considerable time. He departed and they awaited his return in almost unbroken silence.

In a short time his footstep was heard ascending the small stair-case.

“Gentlemen” said he “his lordship desires me to tell you, that, such being the case, you must only make up your minds to remain in until you can agree upon what verdict you are to give. His lordship does not think proper to detain the court any longer at so late an hour.”

“Then we are to remain here all night, I suppose ;” exclaimed the Foreman.

“If you should agree upon your verdict long before morning” continued the sheriff in the same sedate tone, every accent of which was drunk with a thirsty stillness, by all ears in the Jury Room, not excepting the pair “in the cup-board, his lordship is pleased to say that you can send word to his lodgings in ——— Street.”

What a prospect for all in the room, but more than all, for our friend in the cup-board, who had not tasted food since morning, and was moreover in a position far from being the easiest in the world. There was however no help for it. Whatever difficulty he might

have felt in revealing himself in the first instance, was increased a hundred fold by the suspicious mode of concealment which he had since adopted, and the dire fact of his having wilfully overheard a portion of the private deliberations of the Jury. There was therefore no other resource than hope and patience. The sheriff descended the staircase, the jurymen separated murmuring, into different corners of the room. The regulations of the court were too well understood to allow them to hope that they could be successful in any attempt to obtain refreshments from the officials in attendance, and they only deliberated each within his own mind, in what manner they should pass the long winter night without either sleep or food. Sighing deeply, though inaudibly, our traveller resigned himself to his fate, without troubling himself further about devising means of escaping it. The discontented jurymen sought comfort as they could, some occupying the few chairs that stood near the fire, while some, tying silk handkerchiefs about their heads, and turning the collar of their coat over their ears, stretched themselves at full length on the wooden forms, and courted slumber with indifferent success.



It was now approaching midnight, and an universal stillness had fallen upon the city, interrupted only at intervals by the louder footfall of some elated passenger, or the merry converse of a group returning homeward from some evening party. On a sudden a rough sonorous voice was heard in the narrow street already described, which passed beneath the window of the Jury room.

“Oyst—e—rs! Oysters! Fine Burren oysters! Choice Burren oysters!”

There was a general movement amongst the gentlemen of the Jury. The Foreman raised his head from the form on which he had laid his aching joints, and advanced toward the window. After a moments consultation with some of his fellow prisoners, he threw up the sash, and leaning forward said in a low but distinct tone, which could not fail to reach the ears for which it was intended:

“I say, oysters!”

“Who’s that? Who calls oysters?”

“Oysters!” repeated the Foreman.

“Oh, I beg your honour’s pardon!—Would you

want any oysters, sir? They're as fresh as daisies your honour."

"Come hither——Do you think, if we took your oysters you could get us something to eat with them?"

"To be sure I could your honour—but what good was that for me when I have no means o' getting 'em up there?"

This difficulty was speedily removed. A number of cravats, and pocket handkerchiefs were tied together, so as to form a line long enough to reach the street. A whip was now raised, for defraying the expenses of the projected entertainment, and the amount as soon as collected, was made fast in the corner of a silk handkerchief, which formed one extreme of the line. The whole apparatus was then carefully lowered from the window until it reached the hands of the expectant vender of shell fish,

Like Iris' bow down darts the painted line  
Starr'd, striped, and spotted, yellow, red and blue,  
Old calico, torn silk, and muslin new.

Having extracted the treasure from the handkerchief the oysterman disappeared, and during the succeeding

quarter of an hour, the silence of an anxious suspense possessed all tongues with the exception of one or two, which gave expression to an ungenerous doubt as to whether, they were likely ever again to see either their money or the value. At the end, however, of that space of time, those unworthy murmurers were put to shame by the return of the well-principled object of those suspicions. Admiring his integrity, the Foreman drew up the basket which he had carefully fastened at the end of the line of handkerchiefs. The feelings of our fasting tourist in the cup-board may be more easily imagined than described, while he overheard from his lurking place, such exclamations as the following uttered in an eager and authentic tone :

“ What beautiful oysters !”

“ And abundance of bread ! He’s a thoughtful fellow. What’s that in the bottles ?”

“ Montmellick ale and cider !” said the Foreman.

“ And here’s a knife !” cried one jurymen.

“ And pepper !” exclaimed another.

“ And a napkin, and oyster knife, and two glasses !”  
exclaimed several voices in succession.

“And the remaining change!” cried the Foreman holding up a small brown paper parcel, in which a few shillings and some copper money had been carefully wrapped up.

This final circumstance completed the admiration of the Jury, and it was proposed by the Foreman and carried by acclamation that the surplus should be handed to the oysterman as a testimony of their esteem for his punctuality and disinterestedness. Accordingly the line of handkerchiefs with the basket and money were lowered from the window and the grateful oysterman departed after telling them that he would return in the course of the night to take away the empty bottles and the rest of the table equipage, when they should be no longer needed. In a few minutes his sonorous voice was heard resounding through the deserted streets to the customary burthen of “Oysters!—fine Burren oysters! choice Burren oysters!”

Supper now proceeded merrily, all party differences being forgotten in the flow of social glee which was set in motion by the good cheer which was so unexpectedly acquired. Often in the meantime did the unfortunate

traveller call to mind the story of the highwayman and the first of the three beggars, and more than once was tempted to wish that the whole Jury had been sharers in their infirmity, in order that he might have an opportunity of partaking in the feast without detection. He had, however, a touch of the philosopher about him, which prevented his yielding to any useless repinings, and he contented himself with opening one of the doors of his retreat just so far as to enable him to see what was going forward, and to hear with more distinctness all that was said amongst the company outside.

Having done sufficient justice to the oysterman's feast, a glow of genial good humour succeeded in the breasts of all, to the anxiety and discontent which before had kept them silent and apart. More fuel was heaped upon the fire, the forms and chairs were drawn closer round it, and conversation became general and animated. It was at length interrupted by the Foreman, who, after requesting the attention of his fellow-jurors for some moments, addressed them as follows :—

“Gentlemen, although we have already fared so much better than we had expected, it yet remains for

us to consider in what way the long interval is to be spent which we must pass between this and daybreak. The forms and the few chairs which we possess offer little inducement in the way of sleep, and I do not see the advantage of reviving any discussion on the case which has been submitted to our judgment, being always unfriendly to the introduction of party questions in mixed company, where it can possibly be avoided. I therefore propose that we leave the question of the defendant's guilt or innocence between himself, his conscience, and his maker, and turn our attention to the passing our remaining term of confinement in such a manner as may be most profitable, under the circumstances to ourselves and to each other."

This address was received with general applause, which having subsided after a little time, the Foreman was permitted to resume :—

"I have heard it remarked, gentlemen, by learned men, that the word *Erin*, (which as you are all aware is the poetical name for Ireland) forms likewise the accusative case of a Greek noun, signifying *strife* or *discord*. Whatever analogy the present state of our country

may enable a satirical mind to imagine between the word and its Greek meaning, I am sure there is no one in this room but will agree with me in hoping that the time may yet arrive when no handle shall be found for such invidious sallies, when the rocks and shoals of party feeling which at present wreck the peace and happiness of society shall be covered by the advancing tide of good-will and brotherly affection, and when Irishmen, instead of maintaining a selfish struggle for partial or individual interests, shall labour heart and hand for the peace and welfare of the whole."

Renewed applause interrupted the current of the Foreman's discourse, and it was only after a few minutes that he was permitted to proceed.

"At all events, gentlemen, there is nothing to hinder us from trying the experiment, and setting our countrymen, an example for one night at least, of the triumph of social feeling over prejudice and opinion. My proposal is, therefore, that we draw closer around the fire, and each in succession either pay a fine of one shilling sterling or relate some amusing and characteristic tale, such as he may have gathered in the course

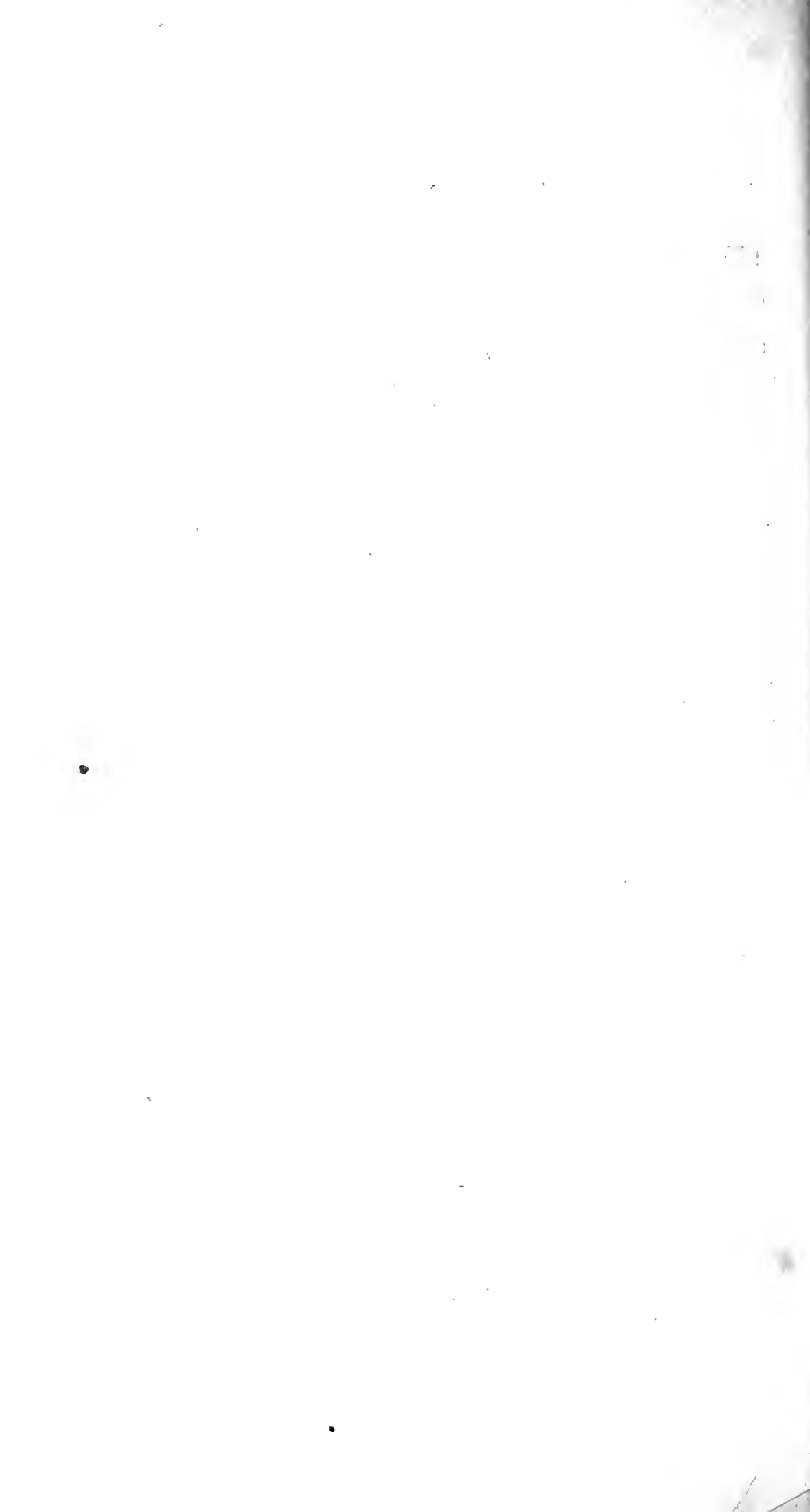
or reading or experience, and conclude by singing a song for the entertainment of the company; and, in order that this may proceed with all freedom, I move that no one shall take offence at what may be said, but that every one be at liberty to tell his story after his own fashion, with a *carte blanche* for the full utterance of every thing that may come into his mind, excepting of course questions of mere controversy, for which this is not the time nor place, and for the introduction of which a fine of one shilling is to be imposed. I say this, not that I hold a man's opinions to be a matter of indifference, but merely that no feeling of restraint or awkwardness should embarrass the chain of the narrative, and consequently diminish the amusement of the listeners."

A fresh burst of applause announced the unanimous assent of all present to this proposal, and preparations were immediately made for carrying it into effect. A fresh supply of turf was heaped upon the fire, the chairs were arranged in semicircular fashion around the hearth, and the Foreman was placed in the only arm-chair in the room, with the additional dignity of



president, and full authority to decide all points of order which might arise. It being decided that the entertainment should commence with the president, a general silence fell upon the circle, while he spoke as follows :—

“ Having lately, gentlemen, in the library of a learned friend of mine, fallen upon an unpublished manuscript containing a very curious and interesting story, which I presume will be entirely new to you, I shall endeavour to relate it as accurately as my memory will allow.



# THE FOREMAN'S TALE.

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## SIGISMUND.

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PRINCESS.

Rosaline;

What did the Russian whisper in your ear!

ROSALINE.—Madam, he swore that he did hold me dear  
As precious eye-sight, and did value me  
Above this world; adding thereto, moreover,  
That he would wed me, or else die my lover.

Love's labour lost, Act v. Scene VIII.



## SIGISMUND.

It was a beautiful summer evening, that fell on the mountains to the north-east of Poland, but those vast tracts of country lying at their base, were then almost uninhabited, and the traveller, who on this evening, found himself alone on the hill side, felt sensations very different from those which might result from the beauty of the scene.

He was young and fair and habited in the riding costume of Muscovy. A sword hung at his waist which from the splendour of its carriage seemed rather intended for dress than warfare, and although it had not been so, the slender figure and delicate ap-

pearance of the youth, who bore it, would have acquitted it of any suspicion, as to the latter design. His bright yellow hair was twined up under his bonnet, and as he placed one hand over his brow, in order to shade his eyes from the sun, while he looked anxiously down into the plain, the dark attone of its shadow formed a striking contrast to the sickly paleness of his cheek.

“He is not there” said the stranger, and the night will have fallen before we have left these crags behind us. “Mother why have you advised me to this.”

A loud and shrill “Ujuju!” from beneath the cliff where he stood, made him start and rush toward its edge.

“Clarín is it you? is there any hope? where are our horses? what shall we do?” said the youth.

The person whom he addressed, now stood forward upon the point of a rock which jutted out from the base of the cliff, so as nearly to form an angle with that and its summit, and yet was itself, no bigger than a spears point in the eye of the distant valley dweller. He leaned upon his gold headed staff and waved

his arm to the querist to descend, at the same time pointing out on his left a safer path than that which the latter was about to choose. He continued while his companion was descending, looking along the hill side, and down the vale with a ludicrous expression of dismay painted on his broad countenance, and uneasily shifting his bonnet from side to side, twirling his mustachioes between his finger and thumb, and muttering to himself at intervals.

“Oh! merry—merry Castile! that ever the evil one should have put it into the head of poor Clarin that he might find a pleasanter spot on the earth than that of his birth. I was not content with good, without looking for better, and I have lost both. I would I had never heard of Muscovy when I was in Castile, or that I had never heard of Poland when I was in Muscovy.”

His companion was now by his side, breathless and exhausted. He repeated his first interrogatory.

“It is Clarin truly enough and sorry he is to say it,” answered the Castilian, “and as to whether there is any hope I know nothing about it since we came

hither. Our horses have very wisely taken care of themselves, seeing that we could not do it for them, and as to what we shall do, I leave that to your judgment, since the enterprise is of your planning. What we *must* do I am afraid I foresee very well."

They began to descend, the youth leaning on the arm of Clarin, who while he assisted him with the most anxious solicitude, bearing him in his arms whenever a difficulty arose in the path and dashing away with his foot the brambles which lay across it—took all the trouble in the world to assure him that his conduct had driven all esteem and regard from his heart, averring that it was as hard as that of his enemy, Astolpho himself. Before they had reached the base of the mountain, the sun had long since been hidden from their eyes, and they were left almost in utter darkness—the youth then resting his head on the shoulder of Clarin declared that he could proceed no further, and flinging his mantle on the earth, was about to throw himself upon it, when suddenly directing the attention of his companion to the depths beneath them, he exclaimed,



“Look! look! we have passed the frontier. That light is a Polish one.”

“What light? where?” said Clarin turning quickly round, for he had been bent to the earth in the act of arranging the mantle so as to preserve his exhausted companion from the dankness of the heath bloom. The fair hand of the latter was still extended, but the light had vanished. The struggling light of the moon, however, just revealed to them in the same direction the habitation from which it was most probable it had proceeded, but such was the situation of the place that it seemed almost hopeless to attempt reaching it, at least at that hour. It appeared from the distance at which they stood to be a species of tower, but it was so completely buried in the side of the mountain which overhung it, and whose peak formed a projecting roof between it and the heavens, that any traveller would have passed without noticing it, whose mind was not intent on discovering some sign of human habitation. The small sandy opening before it, seemed to be surrounded on every side with rocks, which rose one above the other to an immense height, and rested at

length against the brown and heathy side of the mountain. This dismal abode had been made in the early times of Poland, by one of the independent barons of the country, who marked its completion with bloodshed, for, with his own hand, he butchered all those who had been employed in its construction, after inviting them to a feast, within its gates, and rendering them defenceless, by mingling poppy juice with their wine. Their bones still whitened the platform before the entrance. During his life he had made use of the place for the incarceration of those enemies whom he got into his power, and those among his own vassals, who were obnoxious to him. The unhappy wretch, who had once entered this horrid prison house, never saw the sun again, for it was only visible when in the mid heaven, from the centre of the platform, and on that he was never suffered to place his foot. When the tyrant had fixed on a victim, he selected the most trusty of his guards, and blindfolding them one after the other, placed the prisoner in chains between them, and conducted them himself at midnight to the entrance of the dungeon, or rather burying ground

which was no less than a mile from its interior, After his death, the secret for many years remained unknown, until in the reign of Eustorgius III, the young prince Basilius, who was then devoting himself deeply to the study of the occult sciences, issued a proclamation, offering a large reward for all the antique manuscripts of whatever kind they might be, which should be presented to him. The nobility of the kingdom were anxious by such a trifling sacrifice to procure the favour of the heir of Poland, and amongst many others who supplied him with the documents of their families for centuries, were the descendants of the cruel baron. Basilius among the writings of this house, discovered one giving a description of the scite, and manner of the building—the entrance to it—the date of its construction—and a long roll containing the names of those whom the builder had there compelled to wear out their existence. The young prince, having privately ascertained the truth of the scroll, was wise enough to conceal the discovery from all, (even his father) until he came to the throne, and he entrusted it only to his confidential friend, and agent, the aged Clotaldus.

As Clarin and his companion, sitting on the brow of the cliff above looked anxiously into the chasm beneath them they observed the light again glimmer from the recess under the rock. The younger of the travellers was standing in an instant. "Clarin there it is again—Let us descend."

"How shall we descend over the rock," said Clarin, "I see no other way, and for that manner of seeking succour, I had as lief even wait here 'till it comes."

"I see," said the other, "a little rill which drops from rock to rock, and flows across the centre of that small level space before the light; and look there is a stream at our feet."

"And one may bring us to the other," said Clarin rising, "but we can neither burrow like conies, nor bound like the stream—nevertheless have a good heart—we will try it."

They followed the course of the stream as long as it continued to flow on passable soil, and had nearly proceeded a furlong gradually descending, when by a sudden turn it brought them before two large rocks, which meeting above, formed a kind of rude archway

under which the water continued to gurgle onwards.

“We shall be buried alive,” said Clarin in answer to the proposal of the Muscovite youth that they should enter. “We shall never see the day break again.”

They had scarcely proceeded forty paces, still following the hollow murmur of the rivulet, when they could perceive that they trod on artificial steps. In a little time they saw the water bounding into the moonlight, and pleasantly enjoying its enfranchisement by describing frolic mazes on the sandy plain before the cleft whence it had emanated.

Clarin descended on the platform, and then assisted his companion to follow. On looking up they perceived themselves in front of the secret dungeon. They turned their eyes to the clear heaven and perceived at an immense distance above them, almost directly over their heads, the rock from which they had first seen the light. They had found the little plain much more extensive than they had concluded it to be from that distance. The stream which had conducted them, winded across through its centre where it formed

a capacious basin, and flowing onward disappeared under the rocks on the opposite side. Before them was a large iron grating thrown open—two smaller ones, closed, on each side, appeared to lead in an oblique direction from the great entrance. A solitary pine tree in a corner of the court, if such it might be termed, where the wanderers stood, formed the only appearance of vegetation which the place presented.

“I should hardly have thought,” said the younger as he looked upward, “that we had descended so far, Let us approach the gate.”

“The gate?” repeated Clarin, plucking him back by the mantle.

“What should be the fear?” said the Muscovite, “other than that the interior be desolate.”

“Heaven forbid it should prove worse,” said Clarin; “Nevertheless there be those things should be dreaded more by travellers than an empty dwelling, when the midnight is around them. But such a one! If night were to mingle with night and be made double, doubtless they could not form a blacker.”

“Let us however,” said he of Muscovy, “range

ourselves by the gate, and listen for intelligence."—  
They did so.

In a few moments they heard a heavy moan within, and at the same time a clanking of iron. Clarin trembled. The other who seemed to be all mind, walked toward the gate as noiselessly as the grateing sand would permit and looked in. A human figure approached from the interior. It was clothed in a rude habit formed of the skins of the forest creatures, which reaching only to the wearer's elbows and his knees, left the extremities of his limbs unprotected. His hair parted in the middle of the forehead, and hung in thick and neglected masses upon his shoulders. His eyes were dark, bright, and large, and on his brow was stamped, the savage grandeur of uncultivated nature, but his whole appearance, every look, and every motion, evinced a melancholy sternness of disposition. As he came forward he held aloft in one hand a lamp, the flame of which, fully revealed his figure to the wanderers, and with the other he lifted the chain which was made fast to an iron ring, on his right leg, in order to relieve himself as he walked.

He came from the open gate and laid his lamp on the ground. Then pausing for some time while he sprinkled his brow with the water which flowed over the sands he suddenly extended his arms and looking up exclaimed,

“Ye heavens! since it is my fate to be thus treated, I will ask ye what has been my crime? My existence is your only answer, my existence is my only crime. Then tell me why are not all the many creatures, that I see around me, punished for an offence of which they are no less guilty than I. The bird that visits me in my solitude, no sooner feels the budding down upon its wings, than springing forward, it is borne like a winged flower upon the wind, now dividing the blue heavens in its rapid flight, and now returning to nestle in its former home, while I with a greater capability of appreciating the joys of freedom, am doomed to chains and slavery. Nature has no sooner tinged with her magic pencil, the soft and spotted fur of the beast that prowls among the crags and heath of yonder mountain than starting boldly and fiercely from his lair, he flies to the free desert to shun



the tyranny of man, more fierce than he. I have more cause to hate that tyranny, and less liberty to avoid it. The fish beneath me, the thing that breaths not, the abortion of weeds and foam, no sooner sees his scaly sides reflected in the wave, then darting from the light he measures the vast profundity of its liquid centre, while I with more will to fly to the shelter of darkness, have less power to indulge it. I see the streamlet leave its bed and gliding like a serpent among the flowers, break its silvery side against the pebbly shore, while, [with a sweet murmur the meadow opens its painted bosom to receive it, and I with more need of such a friend have none to give me aid or] succour. When I think of these things, my bosom swells and burns, as though a furnace were labouring at its centre and I could in the anger of my soul tear it asunder to give the passion room. What law, what justice, what reason is there in denying to man, the sweet privilege the Almighty has given to the creatures of the air, the forest, and even to the inanimate waste of water?"

"Have you heard him Clarin?" said the Muscovite,

“his appearance strikes me with terror, and yet his speech has filled me with compassion.”

The strange inhabitant of the dungeon here suddenly turned and exclaimed, “Who heard my speech? Is that Clotaldus?”

“Alas! no,” exclaimed, the terrified youth, “it is only a wretched being, whose ill-fortune has conducted him to your cold vaults, and who has unintentionally overheard your complaints.”

“Then” said he rushing fiercely on and seizing him “your fate is certain, for I will not suffer you to go hence with the story of my weakness.” The youth flung himself at his feet. “Mercy” he exclaimed, “if you are a man you will not despise the prayer of a stranger on your own threshold.”

Sigismund, (for such was the name of the prisoner) paused and relaxed the sternness of his grasp. At the same moment the moonlight fell full upon the upturned countenance of the kneeling stranger. It was the first sight of beauty he had ever known and he wondered at the influence which he felt rushing to his soul.

“Thy voice” said he “has moved me—thy person astonishes me—thy glance troubles my senses; who art thou? For I know so little of the world that this tower has been my cradle, and my tomb. Ever since my birth if this can be called life, I have only beheld this rude desert, where I drag on my wretched existence, a lump of inactive earth, a breathing corpse. I have never seen or spoken to more than one man who, alone, knows my misfortunes, and who, as if to make my slavery more miserable, tells me daily and hourly of a free and glorious world without—of the wonders of the heavens, of the changes of kingdoms and empires, and myriads of beings like myself, in all but my chains and dungeon, and yet, amidst all my griefs, and amidst all the wonders that have at times delighted and amazed me, thou art the only thing whose glance has ever calmed the fury of my rage. I look on thee and wonder, and look again and wonder, still more—my eyes feel as though they would never be satiated with gazing on thee, yet the sensation which they convey to my soul resembles what I

have been told of the thrill of death. I will not slay thee. Beautiful creature arise and take thy way."

Clarín thought all that would be now necessary to secure their safety, would be promptly to take advantage of the moment, and civilly assure him of their pacific intentions. He was a courtier too, and though not of the highest order, yet he knew how the highest act, when a favour is to be sought, or a great man to be conciliated, and however pitiful a figure Sigismund might make at the court of Muscovy, he was decidedly the greatest man here; at least as far as power was concerned. He therefore advanced with a smile, and having made some profound bows rested on his gold headed staff. Sigismund scarcely looked at him. He ventured a step nearer, and again repeated his obeisance. Sigismund lifted his head and gazed full upon him, not in a manner calculated to make Clarín pleased with his address.‡

"Who art thou?" said Sigismund, "and what art thou? What do you want? Why do you call my eyes away from this pleasant sight to such a sickly prospect as thyself? Away! What do you mean by

those postures and grimaces? The night is hot, cool thyself, and leave me to better employment."

Clarín had not time to expostulate, or explain, when Sigismund lifted him from the sand, and cast him into the fountain. He scrambled to the other side as quickly as he could, and made his way under the opposite cliff, grumbling at the knaves inhospitality, and only wishing that his companion, as being the cause, might share in its effect.

"Tell me again" said Sigismund, addressing the youth, "What and who thou art? When Clotaldus gives me books and teaches me to find their sense, and tells me of a wide world, and multitudes of men, and cities, and kingdoms, and oceans, I listen, and am pleased with the relation, but cannot understand. I know nothing about it. I take up those bones which are strewed around us, and ask him what are they? He says they were once men like me. I cannot believe it. How are they thus? He says that they have died. He tells me I shall one day lie down and grow cold, and become such as these. I laugh at that; and yet when I take up those bones I cannot laugh. What is

the reason? Every thing surprises me. When I am enraged nothing can calm me until my anger wastes itself out, yet you took it in its height and arrested it. I look on you, and wonder; and at every glance I wonder yet more. Tell me what power have you? If I wished to hurt you, I could not do it now! Who are you?"

"I thought myself" said the stranger, as Sigismund suffered him to replace his bonnet "the most afflicted wretch that ever knew mourning, until heaven directed my steps to your prison house for a lesson of thanks-giving and contentment. If it be indeed true that we are naturally so selfish, that not even the dew of compassion falls so soothingly on a wounded heart as the tears of a fellow sufferer, hear my grief, and be pleased."

At this moment he was interrupted by a voice from within. "Guards of the tower!" it exclaimed "Awake! ho! Your trust has either been neglected or betrayed. The precincts of your keeping have been entered. Come forth ho! and speedily!" The youth started and turned yet paler than before. "It is Clo-

taldus" said Sigismund. "But fear not you? I will guard you!"

The aged Clotaldus now appeared in his coat of mail, and incrested helmet, followed by a guard, all of whom wore masks, while in the presence of the prisoner. The youth clung to the latter as Clotaldus approached. "You" said the leader who have had the hardihood to despise our king's prohibition, and entered this prison on the pain of death, surrender your arms and quietly submit, or make the forfeiture at once,"

Sigismund stepped between his extended weapon and the fearful stranger.

"They shall do neither" said he.

"Ho! ho!" said Clotaldus "art thou his defender then? And how shall I be prevented?"

"Get thee hence—shrunken snake! begone. Before thou shalt harm these, I will gnaw my chains and make these rocks my weapons. Get thee hence I say."

Clotaldus signed to an attendant, who walked toward the larger gate and touched a spring on the right. In an instant Sigismund was dragged by his

chain within the tower, and the double gate shut to with a loud crush, leaving him within, foaming with rage. Clotaldus mocked at him. "I think" said he, it were as well for your dependents that you did not boast so loudly, why do you not come forth and aid them. But he spake of *them*. I see but one "Guards search the prison."

In a few moments Clarin was dragged from his hiding place, and brought before Clotaldus. Both travellers fell on their knees, and in one voice begged for mercy. He bade them surrender their arms, Clarin's staff was on the ground in an instant. The youth was silent, and did not even offer to ungird the light sword which hung at his side.

"Youth" said Clotaldus, "you seem unwilling to submit, guards seize him."

"Hold!" said he. "To your chief, alone will I submit my sword,;" then placing it in his hands he continued; "wretch that I am that I should be compelled to yield that sword before I have proved its virtue. Take it; If I must die preserve it carefully for I sought your kingdom, trusting in that alone, to quit my honour of a deep offence."



Clotaldus took the sword, half drew it from the sheath, and placing its point against the earth continued for some time gazing on the stranger's face.

“If this be true,” said he, “I shall believe all things possible—who gave you this sword?”

“A woman,” replied the youth.

“What is her name?”

“That is a secret I cannot now reveal.”

“How know you then,” said Clotaldus, “that so much depends on this sword?”

“She who gave it to me bade me depart to Poland and endeavour by some means that it should meet the eye of one of the nobles of the court, who would give me his protection.”

“I can doubt no longer,” said Clotaldus, in astonishment, “it is indeed the sword which I left with Violante, my wronged and faithful wife; and this must be my son, who has sentenced himself to death by appearing within the precincts of this secret dungeon. I will throw myself on the mercy of the king, and if that should fail me my child shall die without learning that I am his father. Strangers,” he added,

addressing himself to them, "follow me, and fear nothing; ye are not the only unfortunates in the world; I cannot promise you life, but all that I can do you may depend upon."

Saying this he led them from the prison to the plain on which Basilius intended, on the morning which had now risen, to hold a convention of the highest states of the kingdom, for the purpose of deciding a controversy which had arisen between princess Estrella, a niece of Basilius, and Astolpho, prince of Muscovy. He had summoned them both to meet him here, on the frontiers of his kingdom, apprising them that he would there settle all the claims that they could make—recommending them in the meanwhile to live in good will as became two scions of the same stock so nearly united. Estrella submitted, because she was peaceably disposed; Astolpho submitted, because he was ambitious not only of government but of the favour of the lady. They met and pitched their several camps at the foot of the gray mountain that contained the dungeon of Sigismund.

The camps, the banners, and the moving myriads of

men glittering in their harness were the first objects that caught the eyes of our travellers as they suddenly emerged from the crags. The younger traveller started when he beheld the banners of Muscovy, and Clarin, rubbed his hands and almost shouted for joy; he was, however, instantly checked in his raptures by a look from Clotaldus, who signified to the guards that they should descend by a circuitous route to that part of the plain which was yet unoccupied, and which a single banner of Poland shewed was intended for the site of the monarch's court.

As Clotaldus and his party again turned from a ravine, and placed their feet upon the pleasant sward of the slope leading to the plain, they beheld the rivals with their attendants not many hundred paces removed from them, at the very foot of the ascent. The whole scene, as it then presented itself, was grand and inspiring; it was the sweetest time of the year—the close of the spring. The swell of the music, in its intervening pauses, contrasted with the gentle voice of the mountain rills, and the song of the wild birds that woke with the day—the waving of the banners in their

pride of blazonry and display—the marshalling of the troops in their shining armour—the curvetting of the spirited steeds that pranced and bounded beneath their riders as if they shared in their enthusiasm and in the jealousy of valour, all was glorious—all was elevating. Even the withered and hoary Clotaldus, accustomed as he was to the splendour of military show, paused on the hill side, and leaned on Clarin's staff to enjoy it.

“Who is that” said Clarin to a soldier, “with the hat and white plume—his casque hanging at his saddle bow—I think I should know him—but who is he?”

“Astolpho of Muscovy,” replied the guard.

The young traveller's eye had been fixed on the same object, but he dared not to ask the question; when he heard Clarin make it he turned yet paler than usual; and when he was answered his cheek and brow were covered with a rushing tide of crimson.

Before Clotaldus had given orders to the guards to renew their march, both had resumed their sickly whiteness. They passed on and mingled with the general camp.

“Princess,” said Astolpho, after he had alighted, “I have sought this interview for many reasons; and I would not have sought it were I not aware that Estrella herself was not of a mind that could delight in the effect of causeless bickering among relatives. Will Estrella guess the means I have to myself proposed, or will she insist on a detail?” he continued, laying his sword at her feet, and pausing for a reply.

There was a mixture of pride and meanness in his manner; it was an attempt at condescension, influenced by self interest, and checked at halfway by the lord of the ascendant among all his affections. He would have succeeded better with Estrella had he either bowed him down entirely, or stood erect in his haughtiness; even as it was, she did not despise him.

“If this be not mockery prince,” said she, “what is such. You lay a sword at my feet, and you have thousands behind ready, at the raising of your finger, to sheath themselves in blood for steel.”

“It only depends on you, lovely cousin, to say whether such shall be the case. One word, one look

from you, will make this plain a scene of death or of joy."

"Do you mean to woo, Cousin?" said Estrella.

"Do I look on you and speak with you?" rejoined Astolpho.

"Then," said Estrella, "you have struck on an original mode. It is in order to commend your constancy, that while you address *me*, you wear another on your heart."

Astolpho quickly put up his hand, and found indeed a portrait which had escaped from his vest and hung loosely forward. He thrust it into his bosom again, muttering something between his teeth, and biting his lip with vexation.

"Alas! cousin," said he, "what a simple supposition you have made. This portrait!—why you shall speedily be satisfied what this portrait is. Lisardo, look out and see if that dust is not caused by the advance of Basilius—yes, it is his troop—they now enter on the green—'tis his train indeed."

"But the portrait," said Estrella, "is not his."

"The portrait—Oh! most true. Lady, you shall

be fully satisfied on that when Basilius has left us at leisure to speak of it. But the music strikes—and see where he comes yonder, accompanied by the sages of his council; it were but decorous in us to meet him beyond the circuit of the camp.”

Basilius received them kindly. A lofty seat was prepared for the old monarch in that part of the plain where the standard of Poland held solitary dominion; the chiefs and nobles gathered around, and silence having been proclaimed, and procured, he thus addressed them :—

“ You all know, my kindred, friends and subjects—the occasion for which I have summoned you to meet me here.—You know that almost immediately on my accession to the throne of Poland, I took unto my love and my name, a woman, whom heaven was not content to spare us, for even the space of one short year.—You know she died in the first travail, and you believe that her issue then perished with her.—Of that more anon.—For some months previous to her death, I had anxiously betaken myself to those sciences in which I have attained a knowledge that has procured me the

name of wise among the nations, and has won me the life of the pencil of Timanthers, and the marble of Lissippus.—But all this is a hidden woe, a grief that smiles.—It is true that I can look upon the midnight heaven, when, like a mighty tablet, it is opened with its characters of fire—and read them, and catch from their sight, those glimpses of things to come—those revelations of the picture world, which are the end, and aim of the mystic science I have pursued. But it is no less true, that I have thus been the assassin of my own peace. I may indeed say, that have found sorrow in my knowledge. I had prepared every thing to make the most exact calculation that was possible on the nativity of my offspring, and anxiously awaited the moment of my Queens illness.—For many weeks previous to that event—the heavens and the elements had exhausted their prodigies.—The night before his mother had a dream—and she saw, and felt a monster too fearful for description, rending her womb, and bursting to the light by the unaided effort of his own strength. She shrieked in her slumber—and woke me, —I mocked her fancy from her, and bade her be of



comfort.--But the next morning her vision was indeed accomplished fearfully.--Never shall I forget that morn.--You all remember it.--The day broke in thunder and lightning, and shrunk back into its clouds again, as if terrified.--The earth trembled--the sea was troubled--the winds drove the vapours and night mists over the early brightness of the east, and blackened it again to midnight.--The buildings shook to their foundations--large hail stones fell from the clouds --and the rivers affrighted, swelled in their channels and rushed upon the tillage, near their banks.-- Amidst this general confusion, and dismay--a cry from the chamber of my wife, told me the hour was come. I burst into the room--and beheld a terrible fulfilment of her fears.--Before me, in the midst of the room, stood her offspring, darting his keen, and wondering [glances all around. His hands were covered with gore, and his hair shaggy and black, hung upon his shoulders. I started in horror and disgust, from the monstrous creation, and turned my eyes on the unhappy mother.--She was already dead.--A matricide in his birth, he had, at his entrance upon the world

sacrificed the life of the being who fostered him—He walked, and looked around him, as if he had been a creature of years, not minutes.—Terrified, and grieved at the event, I locked the room, and set my seal upon the door, while I proceeded to consult my mystic aids in another wing of the palace.—After I had sufficiently empowered myself to begin my calculations, I found that Sigismund was born under that fatal horoscope where the sun and the moon meet in the mid-heaven, and contend in hues of blood.—That most deadly of all the heavenly symbols, *Canda Draconis* of the fiery dragon, under whose influence, scarce one in a million is born, was visible in the right house of his horoscope.—From all my observations, I deduced—that Sigismund, if suffered to live in freedom, would curse Poland with his sway—would occasion civil broils, and amongst other crimes, would humble my own gray hairs to the dust—and usurp my crown. Trembling for my people, yet more than for myself.—I took my resolution.—I gave it out to the general state, that my Queen and her infant had both perished, and trusting my secret only to the aged Clotaldus,

I had the infant conveyed secretly to a prison, which has been long built within the bosom of those stooping cliffs, and which I have now no longer, any reason for concealing.—This was the cause of those edicts which were proclaimed—prohibiting any from entering those mountains on pain of death. There he has lived—and lives. Clotaldus has been his only immediate attendant, from the time of his birth—he has never seen or spoken with any other—and from him, he has learned all in science, and in religion that befalls a prince to know.—There was one consideration that urged me to preserve the place, and manner of his concealment, still unknown—but two far more weighty have spirited me to the avowal.—The first is this—I love thee, Poland, and I would not, knowingly, give over thy happiness, into the keeping of a destroyer.—But secondly, if a man play the tyrant himself, in order to prevent another from doing so, where is his justice, or the world's profit? And lastly, what assurance have I, that my divination is correct.—The planet inclines, not compels—and what proof have I, that Sigismund will be a tyrant? The position of the

planets are thus and thus in the houses of his horoscope.—Is that demonstration? No. But I have found a remedy for all, that will perhaps surprise you.—He knows not yet, who he is—nor why confined.—Tomorrow I will have him placed in his slumber under my canopy, and after, seated on my throne—that he may rule the kingdom.—If he prove other than his stars forebode—you will own him for your prince—and I shall rejoice in the discovery of my error.—If on the contrary, his cruel nature betrays itself, a second sleeping draught will place him again in his cave.—I shall have done my duty in the trial—and then Estrella and Astolpho, by your union, if you could consent to such a measure, peace would be insured to the kingdom, and to me. I am your king, and I decree this.—I have experience, and I advise it.—I am an old man, and I desire it. And if it be true what the Roman Seneca has written—that a king in his kingdom is the humblest slave in a great republic—as a slave, I entreat that you will give your consent—Astolpho—speak for both”

“The Muscovite prince stood forward.—The hope

which in the early part of the king's address had well nigh sunk to an ember—was relieved by his last words.—He resolved again to play the only part which his nature prompted him to, and affected to submit cheerfully, partly because he thought he might secure his interests better thereby, partly because he could not help himself.—Estrella did not affect, she assented with gladness of soul.

The assembled multitudes, seconded with shouts the request of Astolpho, that their prince might be given to them as speedily as might be. Basilius joyfully promised, that he should that very night be conveyed to the palace, and calling on the lord intendant of the household, to wait on his cousins thither, he rose and walked toward the raising ground, at a little distance where Clotaldus with the prisoners, abided the result of the conference. Him he took aside, and directed at length, in what manner he should prepare the prince for the change in his condition, without even by a word or look, apprizing him of their intention, Clotaldus pledged himself to execute all faithfully, and then as the monarch was departing, knelt before him.

“What would ye, Clotaldus?” asked Basilius.

“Why sire,” replied the old man, “this fine youth and his companion have daringly though unknowingly, contrary to the prohibition, entered the precincts of of the mount and”——

The king was surprised at the tremulous anxiety of the aged chieftains utterance, as he pleaded for [the strangers. “Be not troubled,” he replied “had this chanced yesterday, or an earlier day, it would have grieved me. But now that I have made it public, it matters not. Come to me at the court, before you leave for Sigismund’s prison, I have somewhat more to tell thee. In the mean time, let those strangers go at liberty. Why! I think to detain or harm them, I should punish thee!”——

Clotaldus thanked him with warmth, and after he had departed, turning to the stranger and Clarin, exclaimed, “you are free.” The young Muscovite clasped his knees, and Clarin knelt behind the latter, with a very ludicrous expression of gratitude, which however afforded mirth only to the guards, for Clotaldus did not see further than the youth at his feet.

He raised the latter affectionately from the earth and received his acknowledgments with a shortness, and peevishness of tone, that did not accord with his looks. He gazed on his features, as if every lineament there, singly and slowly, was winning a youthful memory from its sleep of years.

“Are you not nobly born?” asked Clotaldus.

The youth reddened and looked to the earth. “my blood is noble.”

“I doubt no longer” said Clotaldus; then again turning to him he continued, “You say you are noble, and you stand here, and you tell me that a slight has been thrown upon you, and you have known it; and your offender lives unrequited.”

“Heaven is my judge,” said the youth, “it is not my fault. I have wandered a long and a weary way to quit my honour; but I cannot command circumstances and time. Nevertheless, I thank you for my life, for that gives me hope that I may yet succeed.”

“He who lives in shame, does not live. Dishonour is a shroud, and he whom it enfolds is among the dead.”

“I know that life is now a stain, but where shall I

turn me to requite myself. Behold me ; I am weaponless. Give me that sword of secret power, which I owned and trusted in, and that which is now as the marl at the mountains foot, shall become as the snow on its peak."

"Take it said the other, and be assured, a weapon which Clotaldus has once wielded ; (yes, have I not wielded it now ?") he added on perceiving the youth's surprise, "will not be found unaccustomed to the work of justice."

The eyes of the Muscovite lit up as he girded once more the weapon to his side. "Now I hold thee once again," said he "I will confide in the assurance thou bringest, and persevere to the end ; what of his power ? —it may be reached."

"Is yours a powerful enemy then ?" said Clotaldus. "So much so, but I must not say it, I would not have you revoke the friendly assurances you have made."

"There is no danger of that, on the contrary, you will then secure my assistance, for the confidence you repose would at the least have the effect of preventing me from lending countenance to your opposer. Who is he ?"



“Astolpho of Muscovy.”

Clotaldus gazed on the young complainant with an alternate expression of wonder and anxiety.

“Stranger,” said he “do you know what you have said, and what you are about to do? Are you not of Muscovy?”

“I was born in Poland, but I am a Muscovite by family and education.”

“Then” said Clotaldus “he is your natural prince, and he could not offend you. Return to your adopted land, and forget that fatal courage which misleads you, return and forgive.”

“His being a Prince” said the youth, “neither lessens his guilt nor my resentment. When a man has offended me, I do not ask his name.”

“He could not offend you” said Clotaldus “not even——O Cielos! not even though he had dared to lay his hand upon thy face.”

“He did more.”

“He could not do more.”

“He did.”

“A deeper insult than that?”

“Yes! listen to me; I know not how it is that you win me to confidence thus easily. I feel as if under the influence of a supernatural emotion, and I am drawn to you in affection and in trust. But hear all. I am not what I seem. Then weigh it well, whether, if I am other than this habit speaks me, and Astolpho comes here with the design of wedding with Estrella, it may not be that he has done me a deeper offence than that you spake of. I have said he wronged me. He was my betrothed.”

While she thus spoke, her face gradually deepened in hue, and at the end she covered it with her hands and hung down her head in sorrow. However, the feeling passed away with its effect; and she looked up once more with the pale and frozen fixedness of resolution, which was so strongly mingled up with her character. She waved her hand to Clarin, who after he had been re-invested by Clotaldus, with his gold headed staff of office, followed her as she hastened along the hill side to overtake the train of Estrella, and they were both lost to the eyes of Clotaldus before he had found the sense of her last words.

“The heavens and the earth,” said he, “are full of wonders. What doth she mean? Astolpho? and then that sword! But I must attend the king. The youth has an excess of that which I was about to condemn him for needing. The dust has been thrown upon his head, but he has shaken it off nobly.”

The sleeping draught was soon after prepared; Clotaldus left for the prison, Basilius expected him in his laboratory. The sun had gone down before his return was announced to the king.

“I prepared the beverage,” said Clotaldus “exactly according to your directions, and in such a manner were its narcotic ingredients commingled with others of an agreeable flavour, that it was impossible he should detect them; with these I descended alone to his prison, leaving the guard without the distant entrance as usual, masked and blindfolded. I found Sigismund stretched upon the ground, one hand beneath his head, the other grasping his chain in the manner yourself have often marked. I found it at first difficult to draw his attention away from his own gloomy reflections. He looked straight forward with

an air of vacancy, and seemed to regard me no more than the breeze that stirred upon the fountain before him. On a sudden, an eagle stooped from the upper air into the chasm of the rocks, and beholding the desolation, uttered a loud scream, mounted upon the winds, and went to prey elsewhere.

“I saw Sigismund’s eyes kindle; he half started from the earth and gazed after it, until his eyes ached with the effort. I saw the feeling which agitated him, and affected to participate in it, in order to accomplish my end.

“What a noble creature” said I, it is the monarch of its kind. It does not, like the lesser of them, content itself with the dull heavy sphere of the terrestrial air, but comet-like soars into the regions of fire, and then floats upon the sunbeams, a winged lightning—a wanderer without limit. What a majestic creature?”

Sigismund sunk back on the ground. “I am tired” said he, “I am chained. I do not want wings; but even the free use of that which I have received. They have bound me, they have tortured me before they had cause. I am miserable, my heart is destroyed!

I have been a slave until liberty is no longer a sweet sound. Yet if it were otherwise, the eagle is the first of his kind; and I should not be the last of mine."

"When I saw his mind and imagination hurried along by the violence of the emotion in which they had been caught, I began to descant on his favourite theme of dominion."

Clotaldus in passing through the gallery observed near a window at the far end, a figure standing as if in expectation of his exit from the kings chamber. He had not much difficulty in recognising the attendant of Rosaura.

"Well, Clarin" said he "how did'st thou penetrate thus far? Were there no sentinels posted at the entrance?"

After his usual routine of obeisances, the merry courtier replied "Indeed my lord, I do not marvel you should deem it strange how I came hither, and as to the guards at the entrance, these poor shoulders of mine fully testify that they have done their duty, but I would not be checked, I passed them, and as they

dared not quit their posts to follow me, I came off with the showers I had received in the passage from the flats of their swords. A plague on the maker of these Toledos. My own country conspired against me; they lay over my shoulder and along my spine, as a willow of Tagus."

"I am sorry for thee Clarin, but why did'st thou bring it upon thyself? What had ye to do to force your way hither in that manner?"

"To speak with you my lord."

"On what affair prithee?"

"On rather a delicate matter mayhap, but it must be said. To tell you the plain truth, you have taken some steps, lately, which do not immediately meet my approval."

"And what may those be, Clarin?"

"Why in the first place, there is Madam Rosaura, (for such was the name of the young Muscovite,) you have made to put off her disguise and put on her maiden weeds again, and the consequence is, it is told all over the palace that she is your niece and she is as much honoured as the princess herself, who by the

way, has taken her into her suite, as principal dame of honour, and tenders her like a sister."

"And where is the mighty mischief of all this? my good adviser," said Clotaldus.

Clarín twirled his bonnet, and looked on the ground for a moment. "She has resumed her own dress," he replied.

"Would it be very decorous to do otherwise after his secret was discovered?" asked Clotaldus.

"Aye that is all very good," said Clarín, "and it would be better still, and I should not murmur, if I was permitted to make a similar change, but alas in casting off her habit, Madame has cast off her attendant also, and that is what I cannot by any means approve of, in my present situation."

"Oh! ho! are you there Clarín?" said Clotaldus "why all this might have been said in two words."

"She forgets" said Clarín, waxing warm, "that I know more about somebody, though I'll tell nobody of it, than somebody would wish any body else to know, and that I could raise a dust in this court, which might make a certain person sneeze, but, no matter for that, yet it should be recollected that I am Clarín,

which is first cousin to Clarin, which is a very noisy thing you know."

"Indeed?" said Clotaldus to himself, "we must take care of you then. Well Clarin, your complaint is not without justice, I will seek to find you a remedy. In the mean time enter into my own service."

Clarin assented with delight.

On entering the chamber, where Sigismund lay, Clotaldus found all the attendants gathered in silence round the bed of state, they informed him that the sleeper had just then began to breath audibly, and his brown forehead was moist with perspiration.

Clotaldus motioned them to a distance, ordered the hangings of the bed to be removed and the band of musicians which was stationed in an adjoining chamber, to begin a martial air. After they had played a little time Sigismund raised himself on his elbow to wipe the damp from his brow, and opened his eyes. They first fell on the large and splendidly stained window which looked upon the water, and opposed his beds foot—they then wandered to the inlaid porphyry-table near it, which was half exposed, half covered



with cloth of gold. The magnificent vases which were disposed on that and the window frames—with the rare and beautiful display of the earliest bloom of the spring—to the richly decorated tapestry of the apartment and the costly attire of the attendants. He seemed afraid to speak or move, and almost suspended his breathing lest he should destroy the glorious vision, and wake to his poverty and his sorrow. At length he slowly arose and walked noiselessly and carefully from the couch. The musicians again played, and he listened with pleasure and attention, but did not yet speak. On a sudden the mingled chorus of sounds was hushed, and a trumpet loud and single continued the strain. Sigismund started and remained fixed in admiration. His eyes filled with fire. He had never before heard any musical sound, save those of the winds and the waters of his mountain residence and the wild creatures, who sometimes made it their sojourn. At this moment one of the attendants advanced and offered him a dress suitable to his estate.

Sigismund took it with a feeling of uncertainty, and

hesitation. He felt it—gazed on it, and on the attendant alternately.

“Tell me” said Sigismund, “what is the meaning of this?” What are you, and those who are with you? what are they? are ye the princes and rulers of whom Clotaldus tells me? Is this real, or do I dream? Answer me? Where am I and how came I here?

The attendant following the instructions of Clotaldus, bowed and retired without speaking.

“Well,” said Sigismund, “come what may, I shall enjoy the delusion, if it be indeed no more, while it lasts. I will put on this splendour and be in my slumber, what I would be in my waking.”

The attendants assisted him to dress, and then asked him if the musicians should again play?

“No!” said Sigismund.

“We thought it might please you,” said they.

“It does not pleasure me, I am a miserable creature and pleasant sounds mock me. But hush, stay, there was a fine and single sound, which filled my breast with fire, let me hear that again, for I can think and hear. I pray you let me hear that again or none.

As he spoke this, Clotaldus stood before him. He started back in wonder and confusion. Clotaldus knelt at his feet and respectfully kissed his hand.

“Is this indeed Clotaldus?” said Sigismund, “Clotaldus, my tyrant, my torturer? How is he thus changed? I begin again to doubt the reality of what passes round me.”

Clotaldus seeing him relapse into incredulity revealed to him his birth, the cause of his imprisonment with a hope that it would be found futile as it was in the power of a great mind ever to resist the influence of the stars themselves.

He concluded by informing him that the king Basilius, his father was preparing to see him.

Sigismund burned with rage. His eyes flashed, his forehead whitened, and his frame trembled. At length he burst forth with all the violence of abuse. “Thou vile infamous malignant traitor, blacker than the blackest of the many serpents thyself has told me of; how darest thou front me with that confession? How darest thou be the villain, thou hast acknowledged thyself? A villain without a motive. A tyrant for

thy sport! and me, me, thy lord, thy Sovereign, made the victim of a causeless cruelty! What shall I say? Nothing. What shall I do. My heart, my nature tells me."

He wrenched a sword from one of the attendants and rushed upon the old man; the former interposed and detained him, panting with the eagerness of passion, until Clotaldus had disappeared. As he left the room he turned to Sigismund, and said, "Unhappy mistaken man, you begin already to show the sickness of thy nature, and confidest in the delusion of a dream!"

"A dream, a dream," said Sigismund, "it is false, I do not dream, I wake, I talk, I see, I hear, I feel. He speaks with the tongue of a traitor, but he shall never lie and mock again."

As he rushed towards the door the attendants again interposed and closed it, while one of them placed himself immediately in the way of Sigismund.

He wore a ribband on his breast, and a blue sword knot. He caught the prince's arm and knelt at his feet.

“Away with you,” cried Sigismund “begone, leave the way clear, or I will hew you down in his stead. I will fling the first that opposes me through yonder window—Get ye hence!”

“Observe,” said an attendant, “he was not his own master,—he should obey his king.”

“Not in things unjust.”

“He ought not,” said the attendant, who had stopped his arm, “to enquire whether the commands of his sovereign were so or not.”

“Have you quarrelled with your life?” said Sigismund.

“The prince is right,” said Clarin.

“And who art thou?”

Clarin bowed. “I am a busy body, a fellow [that meddles and makes for others good, until I get over head and ears for it, as your highness may perhaps call to mind was the case not very long since, and which I have no disposition to experience again, for anybody, be the other who he may.”

“In this new strange world,” said Sigismund, “thou alone pleasest me.”

At that moment a flourish of trumpets announced the approach of Astolpho, Duke of Muscovy and Sigismund's cousin. He entered with his usual air of haughtiness, and placed himself in a position to deliver his formal congratulations to Sigismund. The latter turned to Clarin.

"What is the reason," said he, "that you all pull off your hats when you come into my presence?"

"Because you are our prince, and it is a mark of respect,"

"And what is the reason that man does not remove his?"

"Because he is your cousin, and considers himself your equal."

"Oh! oh!" said Sigismund.

Astolpho now addressed him in form.

"Mighty heir of Poland, who hast suddenly risen, like the morning sun from the bosom of the mountains, shine forth and make glad with the light of thy wisdom the horizon of our country. And as thou comest late to gird thy brow with the laurel of sovereignty, may it bloom there for a long line of years

until thy time is perfected in joy, and thou hast no more to wait for."

After this flourish he paused for the prince's acknowledgement, and all the suite were silent.

"God keep you, my good man," said Sigismund.

The attendants gazed on each other with wonder. Clarin laughed in his sleeve.

Astolpho looked bigger than ever, and said with sufficient emphasis.

"I am Astolpho," Duke of Muscovy, nephew of Basilius king of Poland, and your cousin, and your equal. But you knew not my rank, and I therefore excuse your want of civility."

"God keep you" repeated Sigismund, "what, do you call this uncivil? Why then go your ways, and when you come again, since this offends you, I will pray that he may not have you in his keeping."

Then turning to Clarin, he said, "He saw me from the moment of his entrance, his solemn look and voice were ridiculous, and his insolence intolerable. What business has he to wear his hat and plume."

He is a great man said an attendant.

“ I am greater “ retorted Sigismund, fiercely.

“ Yet” said the attendant with the blue sword knot, “ there ought to be a greater confidence between you, and you owe him more than he has yet received from you.”

“ And pray” said Sigismund “ who asked your advice ?”

The entrance of the Princess Estrella, cut short this dialogue, just as it was beginning to grow a little warm. She was habited in the light and elegantly feminine costume of her own country, and appeared to the eyes of Sigismund, who had never before beheld a woman, in womanly guise, the divinest object he had ever beheld. All the splendour of the scene round him vanished, all the finery grew old and dull and every other prospect, thought fair before, withered and faded the instant that woman’s beauty came in contrast with it. Estrella addressed him.

“ Prince” said she “ you are welcome to the dwelling and the heritage of your name. May you long be an ornament to the one and a blessing to the other.”

“ Clarin” said Sigismund, “ what is this wonderful



creature? How every tone and every look agitates me. What infinite grace, what softness, what beauty, what sweetness?"

"She expects your answer prince," said Clarin, "She is your cousin, the princess Estrella."

"But what is she," Clarin, this lovely creature is surely not a man?"

"Your highness is a merry man? The princess Estrella; Lord! what innocent creatures we are, before we get into court. She is a woman and a fine woman too" said Clarin. "Your highness is very merry."

Sigismund was already at the side of Estrella and over-powered her with praises and admiration. He attempted to take her hand, she withdrew it and stepped back; one of the attendants, the same who had before twice checked the prince, observing the commands of Astolpho advanced a third time.

"My lord" said he in his ear, "the duke is present and at all events you should not act thus toward the princess."

Sigismund turned shortly round and gazed on him for a moment.

“Did I not tell you” said Sigismund, “that your advise was not needed.”

“It is not the less just,” said he of the sword knot.

“I’ll none on’t. It displeases me and that’s enough.”

“Yet your highness said that even the will of kings, should bend before justice.”

“Did I? Well, said I not also, that I would fling him who crossed mine through the window.”

All eyes were now directed to the attendant. He had gone far—his spirit was wound up and it would have been paltry to shrink back at last. He twirled his bonnet round, smiled, looking with a little mingling of contempt toward the window, and replied: “Yes my lord that may be done with boys—with men like me it may be found a little difficult.”

“Say you so” said the prince “we shall see, we shall prove it.”

He sprang on the attendant, seized him by the waist, lifted him with ease from the earth, then bounded on the table, dashed away with his feet the window and its frame into a thousand pieces, heaved him forth

through the aperture, and then folded his arms and gazed upon his fall.

An universal cry of horror filled the apartment and spread through the palace.

“Villain” said Astolpho, forgetting in the terror of the deed, the advantage his own views would reap from it, what is it you have done?”

“I thought I could have done it,” said the other coolly. “He fell upon the great water, how he beats and struggles upon it, how he rages, stay—what is this? he is quiet, he is not there, where is he sunk.”

“You have murdered him,” said Astolphus, “and you are a Villain.”

“Take care” said Sigismund, “that you be left a head to put your hat on.”

Attracted by the great consternation, Basilius hurried into the apartment, followed by his guards and enquired the cause of the confusion; Sigismund sprang from the table and carelessly walked across the room.

“It is nothing” said Sigismund. “A man was insolent, and I flung him through the window.”

“My lord” whispered Clarin, “you are now speaking to the king.”

Basilus seemed horror stricken, "what," said he "the first day, and a life already gone."

"He said I could not do it, I thought I could and I tried it, and I shewed him his mistake, and that's all."

"Prince" said Basilus with dignity, "this grieves me to the heart. I took thee from the dungeon of the mountains, in the hope, that, by the native strength of thy own mind, thou mightest be enabled to resist the influence of the evil stars themselves, and that I might in mine old age, e'er I am gathered to the dust of my name, feel within my arms a son of my heart, who, when I was no more, should preserve my memory to my people. You have already destroyed that hope. I can never embrace thee now. We start when we gaze on the steel that has drank human blood, we shudder when we walk over the spot of earth which has once been the scene of a death struggle, but how much more repulsive the contact of the murderer himself. Although I longed to bind thee to my side in love and fondness, and came hither to embrace and to bless thee, I turn away in horror, aversion and sorrow. I never can, never will receive a murderer to my arms."

Sigismund paused for a moment, and a feeling like sorrow pierced through his mind. The fine venerable frame of the old silver haired king, struck him with a reverential respect. That man too was his father, and though never known till then, a voice within him told him [that he was not as other men in his esteem. Again, his mind recurred to the causes of their separation, to his chain and his dungeon, his sufferings, his undeserved bondage. This train of recollections instantly over-turned all that nature had been doing and changed the appearance of the old monarch into that of an unnatural and wanton tyrant. His heart burned within him, and he walked away from Basilius toward the window.

“I can do without them, now” said he “as I have ever. You say you are my father, and yet you have persecuted me from my birth like a bitter enemy, you have cast me out from human life, you have chained me up as if I were a creature of the forest, you have made me the monster you feared, you have sought my death, and tortured me into a weariness of my life. Why then, your kindness is grown a mockery. I could

not enjoy, nor thank you for it. You have so entirely destroyed all capability of pleasure, that nothing now can ever make life agreeable."

“I would” said Basilius “I had never given it to thee. I should not now hear thy reproaches. Nor behold thy audacity.”

“Had you not given it,” replied Sigismund, “I should not complain of you, but I do for having given, and again taken it away. It may be a generous action to give; but to give for the purpose of taking away, is worse than withholding altogether.”

To this Basilius replied, “How well dost thou show thy gratitude for my raising thee from a state of humiliating captivity, to the dignity which thou now holdest!”

Sigismund here burst into fury. “What gratitude” he cried, “tyrant of my happiness, do I owe thee? Old and decrepit as thou art, and about to drop into the grave, what dost thou give me that is not my own, Thou art my father and a king. Then all that dignity, of which thou speakest was given me by nature and the laws. Nay, but thou owest me much that is yet

unaccounted for. What will thy answer be, when I demand of thee, the time of which thou hast robbed me—my liberty so long debarred—my life—the honour which I might have acquired, had I been left free to seek it? I owe thee nothing, king, but thou art my debtor, and to a large amount.”

“Thou art a daring savage,” said Basilius, “and the word of heaven has been accomplished. Yet haughty and vain man, I warn thee to beware, for all this which thou seest may be a dream, from which thou mayest e’er long awaken.” Saying this he withdrew suddenly leaving Sigismund much startled by the repetition of this singular doubt.

“A dream,” he again exclaimed in a soft voice, and with a look of astonishment and perplexity. “No I do not dream, for I can feel, and see, and I know what I was, and what I am. Grieve as thou mayest, no remedy is in thy breast.”

In a little time after, while Sigismund remained perplexed by the parting word of Basilius, his attention was attracted by the entrance of Rosaura who now appeared dressed in her own habiliments. She was pro-

ceeding in search of Estrella, anxious at the same time to avoid the sight of Astolpho, Clotaldus having advised her to leave him in ignorance of her presence at the court of Poland. She felt grateful to Clotaldus for the interest which he appeared to take in her fortunes, and readily submitted to his guidance.

“What,” said Clarin to Sigismund, “has pleased thee most of all that thou hast seen this morning?”

“Nothing has surprised me,” said Sigismund, “for I have seen nothing here that my education did not in some measure enable me to anticipate. But if my admiration has been really moved at all, it has been by the beauty of the ladies who have left us.”

At this moment perceiving Rosaura about to retire, he started forward and detaining her exclaimed. “what do I see. I have surely beheld those features before now?”

“And I,” said Rosaura, “have seen that pomp and greatness reduced to chains, and a dungeon.”

Saying this she attempted to retire, but Sigismund again prevented her. “I must crave your permission to depart,” said Rosaura, in some confusion.



“Going in such a hurried manner,” said Sigismund, “is not asking leave but taking it?”

At this moment, Clotaldus, whose anxiety had been greatly excited by hearing the voice of Rosaura in disputation with Sigismund, hurried into the apartment. “My lord,” he exclaimed, “what is the cause of this? Pray you forbear and suffer the lady to proceed.”

“Again,” exclaimed Sigismund, “again, thou grey-headed madman, darest thou to provoke my anger? dost thou not fear me yet?”

“I was induced to enter,” said Clotaldus, “by the accents of this voice, to tell thee that thou shouldest be more peaceful if thou desirest to reign. Be not a tyrant because thou thinkest thyself our lord, for you may yet find that thought a dream.”

The anger of Sigismund was provoked to the highest, by this threat. “I shall see,” he exclaimed, “whether it be a dream by tearing thee to pieces.” He grasped his dagger hastily, but Clotaldus arrested his arm and threw himself on his knees, whilst the affrighted Rosaura called loudly for assistance.

Her cries were heard by Astolpho, who rushed into

the room, and throwing himself between the prince and the object of his anger, "What means this? that so generous a prince will stain his dagger in blood that is well nigh frozen? Let thy shining sword return to its scabbard."

"Yes," said Sigismund, "after I have reddened it in that villain's heart."

"Then," replied the pompous Astolpho, "since he has sought protection at my feet, he shall not plead in vain." And seeing the prince about to transfer his anger from Clotaldus to himself, he drew his sword and stood on the defensive.

The noise attracted to the place, the king, Estrella, and several of their attendants who interposed between the combatants. Astolpho returned his sword to its sheath and the king, being informed that Sigismund had attempted the life of Clotaldus, said to the former:

"Have gray hairs then, no respect in thine eyes?"

"None," replied Sigismund, "and I trust that one day, I shall see thine own at my feet. Be assured that the opportunity for vengeance shall not be lost."

"Before that day comes," replied the king, "thou

shalt sleep, and waking find that thy boast, and thy ingratitude, real as they seem to thee, are but the phamptons of an idle dream.”

Once more Sigismund started at the words, and remained for some moments as if under the influence of a spell, motionless and silent, while the king, and his guests departed. Astolpho leading out Estrella conducted her towards the garden, where the following conversation passed between them.

“When fortune,” said Astolpho, “promises mishap, she is seldom false to her word, but whenever she has benefits to confer the issue is doubtful. A demonstration of this truth may be found in the situation of Sigismund, and of myself. For him evils and crimes were foretold, and they have turned out true. For me on the other hand, were predicted, trophies of victory, the applause of men, and happiness, yet though this prophecy has been in part fulfilled, its completion is still doubtful, for although you have favoured me with some encouragement yet your disdain I am sorry to say—”

Estrella interrupted him. “I doubt not,” said she,

“that you are sincere in those compliments, but, I suspect they are meant for the lady, whose portrait I have seen hanging at your neck. Go,” she added, “and let her reward you, for it is a treachery not only to break your faith to her, but to make over the compliments that were her right, on other ladies.”

At this moment Rosaura arrived, in her search of Estrella, at the very spot where they were conversing. She arrested her steps however, on perceiving Astolpho, and concealed herself, while her heart burned with jealousy and anger, behind the arbour where the royal relatives were seated, while the conversation proceeded.

“Where the sun shines,” said Astolpho, “no lesser luminary can appear, neither can darkness longer exist; but that you may be convinced that you alone reign within this breast I will bring thee that portrait of which thou speakest. Pardon me Rosaura,” he added within his own mind, as he bowed and hurried from the arbour, but absent lovers never keep their vows, any more than I do mine to you.”

The instant Rosaura perceived that he had left the garden, she presented herself before Estrella.

“ Oh! I am glad to see thee,” said the princess, “ I was longing for a confidant, and to you alone can I entrust the secret which I am anxious to communicate.”

“ Madam,” said Rosaura, “ you may rest assured that your confidence shall be honoured.”

“ The little time,” said Estrella, “ that I have had the pleasure of knowing you, you have by some means, of which I am myself unconscious, found the entrance to my heart. I will therefore confide to you what I have been anxious to conceal from myself. But this it is. My cousin Astolpho, (I said *cousin*, because there are some things the mere thought of which is as palpable as the utterance of others,) is about to wed with me, thus compensating by one felicity for a number of misfortunes. I shewed some pique this morning, when I saw him on account of a portrait; which hung from his neck, and he, who is I am sure very sincere in his professions, has just offered to bring it to me. It would annoy me to receive it from his hand, and I must beg of thee to remain here and obtain it for me. Farewell a little while. I say no more, for I know you are discreet and beautiful, and know I am sure, what love is.”

“I would,” exclaimed Rosaura, “that I knew it not so well,” and she gazed after the princess with a look of deep sorrow rather than of envy. “But what,” she continued, “shall I do in this strange situation? Does there exist in the world a more unfortunate person than myself? If I discover myself to him, Clotaldus to whom I owe my life and safety here, will have deep reason for offence, for he advised me to expect redress from silence only, but what will my silence avail if he but chance to see me—my tongue—my voice—my eyes—may refuse to inform him, but my soul will contradict them all.”

At this moment Astolpho entered the harbour.

“I have brought you,” said he, “the portrait which—but what do I see—” and he paused in deep and sudden confusion.

“Why does your highness start?” said Rosaura calmly, “what is it that surprises you?”

“You Rosaura, here!” said Astolphus.

“I, Rosaura” she exclaimed, appearing surprised, “your highness must mistake me for some other lady. My name is Astrea—far too insignificant a person to occasion so much confusion to your highness.”

“Nay, Rosaura,” said Astolpho, “you have carried the faint far enough. I may gaze on thee as Astrea, but I will always love thee as Rosaura.”

“My lord,” Rosaura replied, still with the same air of calmness and surprise, “I do not understand what you have just said, and therefore, I cannot answer you. All I can say is, that the princess commanded me to wait your arrival here, and on her part to receive from you the portrait which you promised her. It is just I should obey her even in matters that jar with my own inclinations.”

“How ill dost thou dissemble, Rosaura,” said Astolpho, “notwithstanding all thy efforts.”

“I wait for the portrait, my lord,” Rosaura replied extending her hand coldly.

“Well! well!” said the prince, “since you choose to carry on your dissimulation to the end, I shall answer you in the same manner. Go Astrea, and tell the princess that I love her so truly, that I could not be satisfied with sending her merely the portrait she demands; I will do her a still greater pleasure

by presenting her with the original, which you can easily convey to her in your own person."

The taunt threw Rosaura off her guard. "I came here," she said, indignantly, "to receive a portrait, and although I could convey the original, which as you observe is far more precious, I should go slighted to go without the copy; your highness will please to give it me, then, for I shall not leave this until I have obtained it."

"But how shall that be," returned Astolpho, "if I choose to keep it?"

"Thus ingrate," replied Rosaura, making a vain effort to snatch it from his hand, "no other woman I am resolved shall ever possess it."

"How angry you are," said the prince.

"And how perfidious thou."

"No more my Rosaura."

"I thine! villain—it is false."

The altercation had reached this point, when Estrella suddenly re-entered the harbour. "Astrea!" she exclaimed, "Astolpho, what is this!"

"Here comes Estrella," said Astolpho to Rosaura,



who, after a moment's consideration, addressed the princess. "If you wish to know, madam," said she, "the cause of our dispute, it was this:—The prince has by some means obtained a portrait of mine, and, instead of delivering that which you commanded me to receive from him, he even refuses to give me my own. That which he holds in his hand is mine—you may see if it does not resemble me."

Estrella took the portrait from the hand of the astonished Astolpho, and looking on it, said—"it is prettily done, but a little too highly coloured; you have grown pale, Rosaura, since you sat for this portrait."

"Nay, madam," said Rosaura, suppressing a sigh, "but is it not evidently mine?"

"Who doubts it," said the princess, handing it to her."

"Now," said Rosaura, darting a smile of malicious triumph at the prince as she withdrew, "you may ask him for the other, he may give it to you more readily than he would to me."

"You heard what Astrea said," said Estrella, ad-

dressing the prince, "although I intend never again to see or speak to you, yet I will not, since I was so silly as to ask for that portrait, suffer it to remain in your hands."

Astolpho continued for some time in much perplexity. "Beautiful Estrella," he at length said, "I would gladly obey your commands, but it is not in my power to give the miniature, because——"

"Thou art a vile and uncourteous lover," replied Estrella, haughtily, "but I will not now receive it, for I would not thus remind myself that I stooped to require it."

Saying this she withdrew, and proceeded in high indignation towards the palace, while Astolpho endeavoured in vain to detain her. "By what enchantment," said he, "has this Rosaura so suddenly appeared to thrust me back from happiness—what wizard brought her here from Muscovy—Has she come to ruin me and herself?"

We shall now return to Sigismund. During supper the attendants administered to him a second sleeping potion. A deep trance succeeded; during which,

by the orders of the king, they restored him to his rude cloathing, his dungeon, and his chains.

“Here,” said Clotaldus, on beholding him once more stretched upon the sandy floor, “here, where it first arose, thy haughtiness shall end.”

“Sigismund!—ha!—Sigismund!” exclaimed Clarin, who had accompanied Clotaldus, “awake, and you will find some change in your condition.”

Clotaldus, who apprehended some indiscretion from Clarin, resolved to have him also shut up, and said to the attendants “prepare a room for this gentleman who can talk so loud in the tower, where he can entertain himself until his lungs are weary: Stay! let it be in the adjoining room—this is the man,” he added, pointing to Clarin.

The attendants approached and seized him.

“Me” said Clarin, quite surprised, “why so?”

“Because,” replied Clotaldus, my good Clarin, my clarion, my trumpet, you know some secrets, and sound a note too loud.”

“But,” said Clarin, “I never yet sought to kill my father, nor have ever I flung a man through a window;

nor do I ever dream, although I may sleep now and then; and why should you shut me up like Sigismund?"

"Come—come—trumpet, come—clarion."

"Do you call me clarion! Nay! but I will be a cornet if you please, and then I shall be silent, for that is a vile instrument."

The attendants here dragged him away. Perceiving Basilius approach, whose curiosity had led him to witness the demeanour of Sigismund in his dungeon. Clotaldus pointed him out to the monarch as he lay stretched on the ground.

"Alas! unhappy prince," said the king, "born in an unlucky hour. Approach, Clotaldus, and awake him, for the beverage he drank has deprived him of his vigour and his cruelty."

"Sire," replied Clotaldus, "he seems very restless, he dreams and speaks aloud; let us attend."

Sigismund here turned uneasily on his back, and murmured:—"he who punishes tyrants is a pious prince; let Clotaldus die by my sword, and let my father kiss my feet."

“He threatens my life,” said Clotaldus.

“He wishes to humble me with the dust on which he treads,” said the king—“but hark.”

“Let me,” continued Sigismund, “put forward upon the great arena of the world the valour that I feel burning in my veins, and let me slake the thirsty vengeance of my soul, by shewing the world prince Sigismund triumphant over his father.”

At these words he awoke; and Basilius, wishing to avoid him, concealed himself in one of the adjacent passages of the tower. The astonished Sigismund stared wildly around him.

“Alas!” said he, “where am I—am I again the same—again do I behold my chains—art thou, oh hated tower again my tomb. It is so—then what dreams have I had.”

Clotaldus went towards him and said, “ever since I left thee soaring in mind with the eagle, in whose track my poor brain could not accompany you, I have been absent from the tower. Hast thou been all this time asleep?”

“I have,” said Sigismund, “nor can I say that I

am now awake, for if that which passed palpably before me was nothing more than a dream, I may be dreaming still. If I could see while I slept, it may be that I sleep now while I see."

"What didst thou dream of, then," said Clotaldus.  
"Since it was but a dream," replied Sigismund, "I will tell thee. I awoke as I thought from the sleep in which I was left by thee, and found myself lying on a bed, which by the rich variety of its colours might be compared to the flowery couch which the spring spreads upon the mountain. Here hundreds of noblemen came forward, bowing submissively, bestowing on me the title of prince, and presenting me with embroidered clothes and jewels. My suspense was turned into joy when thou camest into me and said'st that though I had been in this condition I was nevertheless the prince and the heir of Poland."

"No doubt you rewarded me well for my news" said Clotaldus.

"Not so well," returned Sigismund. "I was twice about to put thee to death as a traitor."

"What! did you treat me with so much rigour?"

“Ah!” said Sigismund, “I was lord of all, and I wrought revenge on all. A woman alone I loved, and this is the only feeling from which I have not yet awoken.”

The king at these words withdrew altogether, and Clotaldus, addressing the prince, said:—“As we had been speaking of the eagle and of the empires of the earth they haunted thee in thy dreams; but even in thy dreams it would have been well to have had some respect for him who reared and instructed thee, for even in sleep there is a pleasure in doing good.”

“It is true,” replied Sigismund, thoughtfully, “let me then repress this fierceness of temper—this fury—this ambition—in case those dreams should return, which they will surely do, for life is now to me nothing more. Experience tells me that all who live are dreamers, and death the voice that awakens them. The monarch dreams of changes of state and government, and of power and flattery, but his fame is written on the wind; death comes, and his pomp and royalty are crumbled into ashes; and yet, knowing that death shall wake them, there are men who wish

to reign; the rich man dreams of his wealth, that costs him many a tear; the poor man dreams of his misery and frets at shadows; the ambitious man dreams of grandeur and selfaggrandisement; the courtier dreams of rank and office; the injured man dreams of his revenge; all, in a word, dream of their several conditions. I dream that I am here loaded with these chains; and but now I dreamed that I filled a happier station; life itself is an illusion, a shadow, an empty fiction; the heaviest sorrow is but light, and the brightest joy but vain, for life is a dream, and there is nothing in it that can boast a foundation."

In the mean time poor Clarin paced the chamber in which he was confined in much peevishness and discontent.

"Here I am," said he, "confined in this tower for what I know; what will they do to me then for what I do not know? I pity myself very much, and people will say that is very natural, and so it is; for what can be more mournful than for a man who has got such excellent grinders as mine to be left without a morsel to keep them in practice, while I am starving with



hunger. Here all is silence around me—me who can never close my lips, not even when I sleep—here am I, a social fellow, without a companion—no, I tell an untruth, I have plenty; there are plenty of rats and spiders, pretty robins to chirp about my windows, my head is filled with the frightful visions that have been haunting me, since I entered. I have seen spectres, ghosts, hob-goblins, elves and fairys; some mounting, some descending and cutting all kinds of strange capers; but what I feel most particularly is, that I am kept starved ever since I came in here; yet I deserve all this, and more for having kept a secret, while I was a servant, which is the greatest infidelity I could be guilty of to my masters.”

His soliloquy was interrupted by the sound of drums and trumpets outside, and by the cries of a multitude of people, who were heard exclaiming “here he is—this is the tower—let us dash the door to pieces.”

“What’s this,” cried Clarin, “they are looking for me, there is no doubt of that, for they say here I am and that this is the tower. What can they want me for, here they come. Hallo! there is a crash!”

At the same instant, the door was forced from its hinges, and an armed mob burst into the room.

“That is he,” said a soldier.

“It is not he,” replied Clarin, who was apprehensive that they might not mean him kindly.

“Sire” cried one of the soldiers, “thou art our prince.”

“These fellows are drunk,” said Clarin.]

“Yes, thou art our prince. We will not have a foreign king, while a natural one remains to us. Allow us to kiss your highness’ hand.”

At these words all shouted, “live our prince, long live our prince!”

“They are in earnest,” said Clarin to himself. “I should wish to know if it be the custom of this country, to shut up a man every day in this tower to make a prince of him, and then bring him back to his prison again. Yes, there’s no doubt of it, for I saw the same thing done yesterday. Well, well, I shall play my part to day.”

“Sire!” said one of the soldiers, we have all told thy father the same thing, that you alone shall be our king, and not the prince of Muscovy.

“What” cried Clarin, “were ye wanting in respect to my father?”

“It was through loyalty for thee,” said a soldier.

“Then,” said Clarin waving his hand, “if it was through loyalty for me, I forgive ye.”

“Come out and regain thy crown,” exclaimed the people. Long live Sigismund.”

Clarin hearing the prince’s name, started in some surprise. “Sigismund they say,” he repeated to himself, “but what do I care for that. Do I not know that they call every counterfeit prince, Sigismund.”

Sigismund however, who heard his name thus proclaimed, called aloud from the inner dungeon. “Who calls on Sigismund?” The soldiers hearing this voice hurried Clarin into the next room, and beholding a man in chains, and so rudely clothed, enquired in some surprise, “what man is this?”

“This man,” said the prince, “is Sigismund.”

“Sigismund!” exclaimed a soldier, turning hastily to Clarin. “Then how hadst thou the audacity to call thyself by that name.”

“I call myself Sigismund,” exclaimed Clarin, “it is

false, it was you who had the audacity to nick-name me Sigismund.”

“Great prince,” said a soldier addressing himself to Sigismund, “we find by the tokens that were given us, that thou art our lord and sovereign. Your father the great king Basilius, terrified by the prophecy, which says that thou shalt one day wrest the sceptre from his grasp, has resolved to rob thee of thy right and transfer it to Astolpho of Muscovy. For this purpose he assembled his court. But the people, having learned that they possess a native prince in thee, have refused to submit to the yoke of a foreigner; they have sought thee therefore in this tower, in the hope that thou wilt use their arms for the recovery of thy birthright—come forward then, for in the plains beneath this mountain, a numerous army waits to proclaim thee. Liberty attends thy coming. Hark and hear her accents.”

The cries of “long live Sigismund,” had been gradually increasing, and now they were heard swelling like the roar of the winter ocean.

“Again,” exclaimed Sigismund, “must I again hear

those sounds, again must I dream of splendour that time shall so soon undo. Must I again stand among shadows, and see majesty and greatness vanish before the wind. It must not be. Ye shall not see me yoked again to fortunes car; and since I know that life is but a dream, vanish ye shadows that pass before my troubled senses, feigning a substance and a sound, which in reality ye do not possess. I wish not for false majesty, vain pomps, fantastic splendours, which at the first breath of morn, will fly and disappear like the early blossoms of the almond tree, which the gentlest breeze will scatter on the earth bereft of colour, beauty, brilliancy and fragrance. I know ye; yes I know ye; and know further that the same delusions pass over the minds of all who sleep. Ye can deceive me no longer, for I know that you are dreams."

"My lord," said a soldier, "if you think that we deceive you, turn thy eyes toward yonder mountain, and see the multitude that await thy orders."

"Aye!" said Sigismund, "that very thing I saw once as clearly and distinctly, as I now behold it, and yet I did but dream."

“Great things my lord,” returned the soldier, “are always ushered in by presages, and those visions you speak of, were the dreams that foretold the reality you now behold.”

“Rightly, thou sayest rightly,” replied Sigismund, “and though they were dreams alone, there can be no harm since life is so short, in dreaming once again, and dreaming with so much prudence and caution, that on my waking I may find no cause for sorrow; knowing that I must wake at some time, my disappointment will be less when that time arrives. And knowing that my power is merely borrowed and must be restored to its owner, let me use it worthily. Subjects,” he exclaimed aloud starting to his feet, “I value your loyalty as highly as it deserves. In me you will find a prince, who boldly, and successfully, will free you from the foreign bondage which you fear. Sound to arms, and should I wake before this is accomplished, and before I have prostrated my father at my feet—but what do I say; my old passion has returned upon me; this is not right, it is not right to say it, even though it never should be done.”

As he uttered these words, the shouts were again renewed, and Clotaldus hurried with a look of terror into the apartment. "What shouts are these," he exclaimed, "I am lost. Prince," he added throwing himself on his knees before Sigismund, "I am come to receive my death at thy hands."

"Not so, my father," replied the prince, "arise from the earth, for thou shalt be the guide of my inexperience in this warfare. I know that to thy cares and anxieties, I am indebted for my education."

"What say you," replied Clotaldus, in astonishment at the mild and altered manner of the prince.

"That I am dreaming," replied the latter, "and that there is a pleasure in doing good even in dreams."

"Then my lord," said Clotaldus, "if it be thy intention to act according to the dictates of wisdom, let it not offend thee that I should follow those of duty. If you propose making war on your father, I cannot aid you with my council, for he is my king. I am at thy feet; give me death."

"Villian," exclaimed Sigismund, "traitor and ingrate—but," he added, suddenly repressing his anger,

“ why do I speak thus when I know not if I am yet awake. I must restrain this violence. Clotaldus,” he added mildly, “ I admire thy fidelity, depart and serve thy king.”

Clotaldus withdrew bowing respectfully, and admiring the moderation of Sigismund, while the latter exclaimed, “ whether or not let me act as virtue directs. If these things be real, I shall have done much good, if otherwise, I shall gain friends for the moment of waking.” With these words, he departed to place himself at the head of his troops.

In the meantime, Basilius and Astolpho, alarmed at the powerful insurrection which menaced the throne, had placed themselves at the head of a large body of forces and taken the field. Basilius was in the act of consulting with the prince on the best measures to be immediately adopted, when Clotaldus arrived, breathless and exhausted, at the royal tent.

“ Clotaldus here !” exclaimed Basilius, “ what then is become of Sigismund ?”

The old man explained the circumstance which had taken place at the dungeon, and Basilius calling for his



horse, hastened to place his army in a posture fit to receive the insurgents. Clotaldus was about to follow, when Rosaura entered and detained him.

“Stay,” she exclaimed, “and hear me for a moment. You know that I came to Poland poor and unfriended, until I was fortunate enough to obtain your protection. You commanded me to remain disguised at the palace, and to avoid the sight of Astolpho, but he has seen me and so little regards the promises he once made, that he is to meet Estrella this very evening in the palace garden. I have obtained the key, and by favouring your entrance that way, we may compel him to do me justice.”

“It is true, Rosaura,” said Clotaldus, “that since I first saw you, the interest you excited within me was such, that I would have given my life for yours, if the sacrifice was demanded. I had then resolved to compel Astolpho to fulfil the promise which he had made you, but our position has since been altered. Astolpho has saved my life, at the risk of his own, when I lay prostrate at the feet of Sigismund. I cannot therefore lift my sword against him, for it would be a detestable action.”

“It is true,” replied Rosaura, “that I owe you my life, yet I have heard you say, that he who lives under an offence, does not in fact live at all. Then if I still remain unredressed, I owe you nothing and my life is my own. But if you will prefer your affection to your gratitude, I hope yet to receive it from you. Be liberal first, and then be grateful.”

“Thou hast convinced me Rosaura, and I will be liberal. I will give thee my fortune, with which thou mayest retire as thy virtue is yet unspotted to a monastery. I behold my country distracted by civil feuds and must not add to them. Thus I shall be loyal to my king, liberal to thee, and grateful to Astolpho; and I think I could do no more Rosaura,” he added speaking with much tenderness, “were I even thine own father.”

“Were you my father,” exclaimed Rosaura, with much indignation, “I might endure this insulting speech but not otherwise.”

“What then do you intend?” said Clotaldus.

“To redress myself,” replied Rosaura.

“This is madness,” exclaimed Clotaldus. }

“Be it so,” replied Rosaura, it is a virtuous madness, and it shall be executed.” Saying which she hurried out of the room unheeding the efforts made by Clotaldus to detain her.

The drums were now heard at a distance, and Sigismund still attired in his dress of skins, appeared in the adjacent plain attended by Clarin and the soldiers. A trumpet was heard and Clarin addressing the prince said, “I see yonder a courser which if I am not much deceived, bears a woman on his back—here she comes beautiful as the bridal day. It is Rosaura,” he added with astonishment.

“She is restored to me,” said Sigismund with rapture. Rosaura at the same instant reined in her steed and alighted.

“Generous prince,” she said, “you see before you an unfortunate woman who finds herself compelled to implore thy protection, lend me thine ear but for a few moments and thou shalt know why it is that I am compelled to trouble thee.”

Sigismund waived his attendants to some distance, and requested Rosaura to proceed.

“I was born,” said she “of a noble mother, in the court of Muscovy; she doubtless was very beautiful, for she was very unhappy. A jealous husband tortured her by unfounded doubts, and at length deserted her; I was the fruit of their unhappy union, and the heiress if not to the beauty at least to the misfortunes of my parent. Astolpho, the prince of Muscovy, forgetting the sacred vows which he once pledged to me, has come hither to Poland to espouse Estrella; thus have I been left, despised, contemned, forsaken, to mourn in secret the perfidy of the man whose promises I had too readily met by reciprocal vows of attachment. I wept over my forlorn condition in a lonely chamber, where no one entered to disturb me; one day my mother, Violante, suddenly broke into my prison, and finding me in tears drew from me the secret of my desertion; she advised me to follow Astolpho to the court of Poland, and handing me the sword which I now hold, she bade me contrive to show it to the nobles of the court, one of whom would recognize it and afford me protection. I obeyed her, and the issue proved her words true. All my modes of redress have, however, failed me, and I now throw myself at thy feet

to seek the assistance which is necessary to prevent the completion of my misery."

Sigismund heard this discourse with a mixture of surprise and sorrow.

"If this be true," said he to himself, "let memory depart, for it is not possible that a dream should comprehend so many things. What man was ever tortured by such a multitude of perplexing doubts. If that day of pomp and splendour was in reality a dream how happens it now that this woman again appears before me, and relates so many perplexing things with such a scrupulous minuteness. It was no dream; it was reality. Is glory then so like a dream, that the happiest are shadows, and the briefest only real. How like the copy is to the original. Well then, since grandeur, pomp, power, and majesty, shall one day pass like visions, let me profit by the moment of illusion, and use them worthily. Rosaura is now in my power. I love her, and might make her mine for ever. I can now dream of happiness, but for that dream I must forfeit my eternal honour. A happiness once passed, is but a dream we hold no more of, than the

shadow that lingers in our remembrance. Then since I know that pleasure is but a beautiful flame converting into ashes the lofty mansions of virtue, and of glory, let me only strive for that which is eternal; the happiness that never dies, and the greatness which never passes away. Rosaura then is safe."

Saying this he ordered the drum to beat to arms, and prepared to give battle with his undisciplined troops, carefully avoiding Rosaura with his eyes.

"Does not your highness answer me," exclaimed the latter, "am I then rejected; you do not even look upon me."

"Rosaura," said the prince, "I do not answer thee because my deeds must speak for me, nor can I look upon thee while I wish to preserve thy honour." Saying which he hurried out of the tent, leaving Rosaura more perplexed than ever.

Clarín having remained until now at a distance approached Rosaura, saying, "am I allowed to see you Madam?"

"Ah! Clarín," exclaimed Rosaura, "where have you been?"

“Locked up in a tower,” answered Clarin, “with death grinning in my face, and ready to die of vexation.”

“Why so,” asked Rosaura.

“I knew a secret,” said Clarin, “and had no way of telling it. The fact is, Clotaldus is your—but what noise is this.”

Great shouts were now heard on the adjacent plain, of “long live our king,” “liberty for ever!”

“King and liberty for ever, ‘as long as you like,” said Clarin, “for I do not care two straws for either. Provided the one gives me enough to eat, that’s all I am anxious about. I never heard so much trumpeting, or saw so many bones flying in every direction since I was born. Ha! here is a fine large rock, from behind which I can safely see the whole affair. It is strong and well concealed; this little parapet is the best amulet in the world against a wandering arrow.” Saying which he ensconced himself behind it.

The battle which had been raging with great fury, now turned against the king.

“The traitors,” exclaimed Astolpho to the latter “are victorious.”

“You are mistaken,” replied Basilius, “the epithet of traitor in occasions like these, always applies to the vanquished; but let us fly.”

As they passed the rock behind which Clarin lay concealed, a flight-arrow drop'd on the spot and pierced the latter. He uttered an exclamation of pain and entreaty.

“Who is there,” demanded the king.

“An unfortunate man,” replied Clarin, “seeking to avoid death among these rocks, where as it happens I am only come to meet it. Whoever thou art, I advise thee to return to the field of battle, where you will be just as secure as in the most secret recess; for if heaven has decreed thy death, rely on it that your flight is vain,” Saying these words the merry Castilian expired.

“How well alas,” said Basilius, “does heaven point out to us our error, and our ignorance, by the words of this unhappy jester. I will fly no further, for if it



is decreed by Providence that I shall die, I should seek in vain to avoid my destiny."

At this moment Sigismund appeared followed by his troops, from whom he dispatched scouts into all the intricacies of the mountain to search for the fugitive king, commanding them not to suffer a tree or even a bush to pass without examination.

Clotaldus and Astolpho, could not prevail on Basilius to take horse. On the contrary, so deeply was he impressed with the certainty of his doom that he advanced to meet Sigismund.

"Prince," said he, "thou art in search of me, and here I am prostrate at thy feet. Set thy heel upon my hoary head—upon my feeble neck—and on my glittering crown. Regard not the reverence, which is due to my years—the respect which my rank should inspire. Accomplish thy revenge and make thy father thy slave."

Sigismund paused for a few moments while he gazed on the prostrate monarch. At length addressing the nobles who had crowded round he said :

"Illustrious court of Poland give me your attention,

and judge between my father and me. In order to subdue the native fierceness of my temper, my father had me reared as men rear their captive lions and tigers, and this before he had ascertained other than by his own calculations, what danger might have been expected had he left me at freedom. In fact he increased, if he did not create the danger, by his own conduct; or had I been born of an humble and docile mind, the life and education to which he doomed me would have made me such a monster as he believed me to be. Strange way to preserve himself from the consequences of my infirmity! If any man had an enemy who sought his life, would he seek to preserve it by waking that enemy up from sleep—If he was told that the sword which he carried at his side should be the occasion of his death would he seek to save himself by unsheathing it, and pointing it to his breast? If he was told that the water should be his tomb, would he put to sea in a storm? But so it was that Basilius acted, when he sought to tame the fierceness of my temper, by giving me for tutors the beasts of the desert. Let this example then of disappointed pru-

dence, shew to the world, the folly of that wisdom in which Basilius reposed confidence. The will of heaven has humbled him even to the feet of his own child. But let the lesson terminate here. Arise my father and give me thy hand; and if thou art unsatisfied with what thy son has done, behold me at thy feet again, powerless and humble, and ready to obey thee!"

Basilius made him rise. "My son," said he, "you have again enkindled within me, the affections of a father. You have conquered, and you are again our prince."

"Still," said Sigismund, "I have a more difficult conquest to achieve over myself. Let Astolpho fulfil his promise to Rosaura."

The Muscovite started. "It is true," said he, "that I was once bound to her, but you should consider the inequality of our conditions."

"Hold," exclaimed Clotaldus, "let that no longer be a bar, for Rosanra is noble as well as Astolpho; she is my daughter!"

After the astonishment which Rosaura, as well as

all the rest of the hearers evinced at this intelligence had subsided, Clotaldus continued. "Yes, she is my daughter, although this is not the time to explain why I so long kept this a secret."

While Astolpho endeavoured to make peace with Rosaura, Sigismund turned to Clotaldus and said, "You who were loyal to my father, though at the hazard of your life, ask now any favour that Sigismund can grant."

A man who appeared to exercise considerable authority amongst the populace, here stepped forward and said, "since you are so liberal to your enemies, what do you intend for me who was the cause of the tumult by which you recovered your liberty?"

"The same tower," replied Sigismund, "in which I was myself confined."

The king and those who were around him could not help admiring the extraordinary change which had been wrought in the character of the prince.

"What is it that surprises you?" exclaimed the latter. "I have been taught by a dream, to restrain

selfish wishes. I know not but I may yet awake and find myself once more chained within my dungeon. My anxiety now therefore is, to profit wisely by the illusion while it lasts."

At the conclusion of the Foreman's tale, a long continued round of applause gave gratifying evidence of the interest it had excited. As soon as silence was restored however, he was reminded of the song, which according to his own proposal should follow the story.

"I had almost forgotten," said the Foreman, "and thank you for reminding me of it. As the fickleness of a lover formed the chief subject of my story, it will not be inappropriate to make constancy the theme of my song. I cannot pretend to do justice to one of the most beautiful of our ancient Irish melodies, but venture with it as the best I can offer:—

## AILEEN AROON.

### I.

When like the early rose

Aileen aroon !

Beauty in childhood blows,

Aileen aroon !

When like a diadem,  
 Buds blush around the stem,  
 Which is the fairest gem,  
     Aileen aroon !

## II.

Is it the laughing eye,  
     Aileen aroon !  
 Is it the timid sigh,  
     Aileen aroon !  
 Is it the tender tone,  
 Soft as the stringed harp's moan,  
 Oh, it is truth alone.  
     Aileen aroon !

## III.

When like the rising day,  
     Aileen aroon !  
 Love sends his early ray,  
     Ailéen aroon !  
 What makes his dawning glow,  
 Changeless through joy or woe,  
 Only the constant know  
     Aileen aroon !

## IV.

I know a valley fair,  
Aileen aroon!  
I knew a cottage there,  
Aileen aroon!  
Far in that valleys shade,  
I knew a gentle maid,  
Flower of the hazel glade,  
Aileen aroon!

## V.

Who in the song so sweet,  
Aileen aroon!  
Who in the dance so fleet,  
Aileen aroon!  
Dear were her charms to me,  
Dearer her laughter free,  
Dearest her constancy,  
Aileen aroon.

## VI.

Were she no longer true,  
Aileen aroon!  
What should her lover do,  
Aileen aroon!  
Fly with his broken chain

Far o'er the sounding main,  
 Never to love again,  
     Aileen aroon!

## VII.

Youth must with time decay,  
     Aileen aroon!  
 Beauty must fade away,  
     Aileen aroon!  
 Castles are sacked in war,  
 Chieftains are scattered far,  
 Truth is a fixed star,  
     Aileen aroon!

“This gentlemen,” said the foreman after slightly acknowledging the renewed plaudits of his brother jurors, “you are aware, is the celebrated composition which was imposed upon the English public some years since as a Scotch melody, under the name of Robin Adair.

It is amusing to witness how coolly our modern composers avail themselves of our ancient stores of melody, without the slightest acknowledgment. It is far easier with them to adapt an old, and far too often



almost forgotten melody, than to trust to their own powers for making a due impression of their capabilities as composers, upon the Public mind.

“Your remark is just,” said one of his brethren, “but as respects Robin Adair, the plagiarism might have been unintentional. I mean that the adaptor might have had no intention of imposing the music upon the world as his own. Aileen Aroon was about that period, too well known for any person thus to risk his reputation. An Italian lady was in the habit of singing it with the original Irish words, at Covent Garden Theatre, and although the adaptor took only two parts of the original air, and adorned the simple melody with some grace notes, it is still probable that he only looked to the words, silly as they are, for the success of the publication. You are of course aware that they are supposed to refer to the attachment of the then Prince of Wales to Mrs. Fitzherbert. That gave them an interest which the melody was certainly not calculated to lessen.”

“If it were a solitary instance,” said the foreman “I might perhaps think with you; but the thing is

common. Indeed it has been practised with such impunity by some modern composers, that they do not confine themselves to ancient airs. They do not hesitate to extend their depredations to their more modern. One instance I call to mind at this moment. A song which was noised through London recently, as sung by Madam Vestris at the Olympic Theatre, called "They marched through the town," is neither more nor less than the old rebel air of 1798, which you all doubtless are familiar with. I mean, "Green to my Cape." The worst of it is, however, that, in order to conceal the plagiarism; they spoil the melody, as in this case the composer has destroyed the fine freedom of the second line of the original."

"I do not mean to dispute what you have stated," said the former juryman, "but still plagiarism in music as in poetry, will sometimes unintentionally occur. A long forgotten strain perhaps recurs to the mind of the composer—he cannot remember that he has heard it before—it haunts him until he begins to persuade himself it is original, and forthwith embodies it in leaden plates, from whence it issues to delight the

drawing rooms of the fashionable world. This, I think was the case with a gentleman whom Ireland has reason to be proud of; and who, perhaps to this hour, is not aware that one of his most beautiful compositions, "The Angels Whisper," is taken from the old air of the "Fox's Sleep," to which Moore has written the beautiful words, "When he who adores thee, has left but the name." Indeed the first line of the music of each are identical, and if the plagiarism be caused in the way I have suggested, we have double cause to be thankful to the old air, in as much as it has inspired a new one, nearly equal in beauty."

"I could say more on the subject," said the Foreman, "but I am detaining you from the amusement which I perceive by his abstracted expression of countenance, our friend next me is preparing for us."

"I am sorry to say gentleman," said the juryman alluded to, "I have been engaged rather in hunting for a story than in preparing one. My perplexity nevertheless has this moment reminded me of a tale which if it possess no other merit, has at least that of being appropriate to the occasion, so I shall relate it without further preamble."



## THE SECOND JURYMAN'S TALE.

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### THE STORY TELLER AT FAULT.

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“Cudgel thy brains no more about it, for your dull ass will not mend his pace with beating.”

HAMLET, Act. v., Sc. I.



## THE STORY TELLER AT FAULT.

AT the time when the Tuaha Danams held the sovereignty of Ireland, there reigned in Leinster, a king, who was remarkably fond of hearing stories. Like all the princes and chieftains of the island at this early date, he had a favourite story teller, according to the custom of those times, who held a large estate from his Majesty, on condition of his telling him a new story every night of his life, before he went to sleep, and sometimes with the laudable purpose of lulling him into that blissful condition. So inexhaustible was the {genius of the king of Leinster's story-teller, that he had already reached a good old age, without failing

even for a single night to have a new story for the king; and such was the skill and tact which he displayed in their construction, that whatever cares of state or other annoyances might prey upon the monarch's mind, one of his story-teller's narratives was sure to make him fall asleep.

In the course of his career, the Story-Teller, had married a wealthy and high-born lady, daughter of a neighbouring lord of that country, with whom he lived in peace and prosperity during many years. There is nothing however in this world which is not subject to decay or change, and even the human mind which from its spiritual nature, might well be supposed incorruptible, is doomed to share the infirmities of the frame, with which it is so mysteriously united. The progress of old age began to produce a sensible influence on the imagination of the Story-Teller. His fancy grew less brisk and active, and the king observed that he began to diversify his incidents with a greater number of moral and philosophical reflections than he conceived to be necessary to the progress of the narrative. However, he made no complaints as



the Story-Teller's reflections evinced a great deal of judgment, and the grand object in view, that of setting the king to sleep, was as perfectly accomplished by his philosophy, as by his wit or invention.

Matters thus proceeded, the Story-Teller growing older and older and more and more philosophical, and less and less fanciful, but he was yet true to his engagement, and never failed to have a new story at night fall for the king's amusement. Every day however brought increasing indications of an intellectual crisis, which would not be very distant.

One morning the Story Teller arose early, and, as his custom was, strolled out into his garden, and through the adjacent fields, in order to turn over in his mind some incidents which he might weave into a story for the king at night. But this morning he found himself quite at fault; after pacing his whole demesne, he returned to his house, without being able to think of anything new or strange. In vain he sent his fancy abroad, it returned as empty as it left him. He found no difficulty in proceeding as far as "there was once a king who had three sons," or "there lived

in the reign of Ollav Folla ;” or “one day the king of all Ireland,” but further than that, he found it impossible to proceed. At length a servant came to announce to him that breakfast was ready and his mistress waiting for him in the house. He went in and found his wife seated at the table, and looking much perplexed at his delay. She was not long observing the air of chagrin, that overspread his countenance.

“Why do you not come to breakfast, my dear?” said his wife.

“I have no mind to eat anything” replied the Story-teller. “As long as I have been in the service of the king of Leinster I never yet sat down to breakfast without having a new story to tell him in the evening, but this morning my mind is quite shut up and I don’t know what to do. I might as well lie down and die at once. I’ll be disgraced for ever this evening, when the king calls for his Story-teller.”

“That’s strange,” said the wife, “can’t you think of any thing new at all.”

“Nothing whatever ; the door of my mind is locked against it.”

“Nonsense,” said his wife, “can’t you invent something about a giant, or a dwarf, or a Bean Mhor (huge woman) or a baoch (champion) from foreign parts?”

“Oh it is easy enough to find heroes,” replied the Story-teller, “but what am I to do with them when I have them.”

“And can’t you invent anything at all?”

“I cannot; our estate is gone from us for ever; besides the open show that will be made of me to night at the palace.”

When the Story-teller’s wife heard this dreadful news, she broke into a fit of crying and weeping, as if all her friends and relations were dead. At length her husband prevailed on her to be composed.

“Well,” said she, “let us sit down to breakfast at any rate; the day is long yet and may be you’d think of something or another in the course of it.”

“The Story-teller shook his head as if to intimate his distrust of its contents, but sat down to breakfast as his wife desired. When all was removed, and they had sat for a while in silence.

“Well,” she asked, “do you think of anything yet.”

“Not a pinworth,” said the Story-teller. “I might as well lie down and die at once.”

“Well, my dear,” said the lady, “I’ll tell you what you’ll do. Order your horses and chariot, and let us take a good long drive, and may be something might come into your head.”

The Story-teller complied, and the chariot was prepared. Two of his finest horses were harnessed in the carriage, and three favourite hounds followed them. After driving a long distance, they took the road homeward once more, and towards evening when they came within sight of their own demesne, the lady again asked her husband if he had yet thought of anything to tell the king?

“There is no use in my attempting it,” he replied, “I can think of nothing. I’m as far from having anything new, as I am when we left home.

At this moment it happened that the lady saw something dark at the end of a field at a little distance from the road.

“My dear,” said the wife, “do you see something black at the end of that field?” “I do,” replied her husband.

“Let us drive towards it,” said the wife, “and perhaps it might be the means of putting something into your head which it would answer to tell the king.”

“I’ll do as you desire,” replied the Story-teller, “though I am sure it is no use for me.”

They turned the horses heads and drove in the direction pointed out by the lady. When they drew nigh, they saw a miserable looking old man lying on the ground with a wooden leg placed beside him.

“Who are you my good man?” asked the Story-teller.

“Oh, then, ’tis little matter who I am. I’m a poor, old, lame, decrepid miserable creature, sitting down here to rest awhile.”

“And what are you doing with that box and dice I see in your hand?”

“I am waiting here to see whether any one would play a game with me,” replied the old *bococh* (beggar man.)

“Play with *you*!” exclaimed the Story-teller. “Why what has a poor old man like you to play for?”

“I have one hundred pieces of gold here in this leathern purse,” replied the old man.

“Do you go down and play with him,” said the Story-teller’s wife, “and perhaps you might have something to tell the king about it in the evening.”

He descended, and a smooth stone was placed between them as a gaming table. They had not cast many throws, when the Story-teller lost all the money he had about him.

“Much good may it do you, friend,” said the Story-teller. “I could not expect better hap in so foolish an undertaking.”

“Will you play again?” asked the old man.

“Don’t be talking, man; you have all my money.”

“Haven’t you a chariot and horses and hounds?”

“Well, what of them?”

“I’ll stake all the money I have against them.”

“Nonsense, man!” exclaimed the Story-teller, “do you think for all the gold in Ireland, I’d run the risk of seeing my lady obliged to go home on foot?”

“May be you’d win,” said the *bococh*.

“May be I would’nt,” said the Story-teller.

“Do play with him husband,” said the lady. “It is the second time and as he won before, you might win now. Besides I don’t mind walking.”

"I never refused you a request in my life that it was possible to comply with," said the Story-teller, "and I won't do so now."

He sat down accordingly, and in one throw lost houses, hounds, and chariot.

"Will you play again?" asked the *bococh*.

"Are you making game of me, man?" said the Story-teller, "what else have I to stake."

"I'll stake the whole money and all against your lady," said the old man.

Now, gentlemen of the Jury, although these were pagan times, the Story-teller could not help thinking the *bococh* had a great deal of impudence to make him such a proposition. However he only looked at him with an expression of great surprise and was turning away in silence, when his wife spoke to him again :

"Do, my dear," said she, "accept his offer. This is the third time and how do you know what luck you may have? Besides, if you lose your estate to night as you are afraid, sure I'd be only a bother to you all our life."

"Is that the way you talk!" said the Story-teller,

“you that I never refused a request to since first I saw you.”

“Well,” said she “if you never refused me a request before, don’t refuse me this one now, and may be it would be better for us both. You’ll surely win the third time.”

They played again and the Story-teller lost. No sooner had he done so, than to his great astonishment and indignation, he beheld his lady walk over and sit down near the ugly old bococh.

“Is that the way you’re leaving me?” said the Story-teller.

“Sure I was won my dear,” said the lady “you would not cheat the poor man, would you?”

“Have you any more to stake?” asked the old man.

“You know very well I have not,” replied the Story-teller.

“I’ll stake the whole now, your lady and all, against yourself,” said the old man.

“Nonsense, man!” said the Story-teller, “what in the world business would you have of an old fellow like me?”



“That’s my own affair, said the bocoeh, “I know myself what use I could make of you ; it is enough for you if I am willing to consider you a sufficient stake against all I have.”

“Do, my dear,” said the lady ; “surely you do not mean to leave me here after you.”

The Story-teller complied once more and lost.

“Well,” said he with a desolate look, “here I am for you now and what do you want with me ? You have the whole of us now, horses and carriage and mistress and master, and what business have you of us ?”

“Ill soon let you know what business I have of you at any rate,” said the old man, taking out of his pocket a long cord and a wand. “Now,” he continued, as I have possession of your property, I do not choose to be annoyed by you any longer, so I propose transforming you into some kind of an animal and I give you a free choice to be a hare, or a deer, or a fox, which ever of the three best hits your fancy.”

The Story-teller in dismay looked over towards his wife.

“My dear,” said she, “do not choose to be a deer, for if you do, your horns will be caught in the branches and you will be starved with hunger; neither choose to be a fox, for you will have the curse of every body down upon you, but choose to be an honest little hare, and every one will love you, and you will be praised by high and low.”

“And is that all the compassion you have for me?” said the Story-teller. “Well, as I suppose it is the last word I have to say to you, it shall not be to contradict you at any rate.”

So he made choice of a hare, and the old man immediately threw the cord around him and struck him with the wand, when the transformation was effected. Scarcely had the poor hare taken a skip or two in order to divert himself, when the lady called the hounds, and set them after him. The hare ran, the dogs followed. The field in which they happened to be was enclosed by a high wall, so that the course continued a long time in the sight of the old man and the lady to the great diversion of both. At length the hare panting and weary, ran to the feet of the latter

for protection. But there was witnessed a singular instance of the caprice and mutability of the sex, for the Story-teller's wife forgetful of all his kindness experienced during a long course of years, unfeelingly kicked him back again towards the dogs, from whence arose the proverb long current in after times, *caith se a glab na con*, (she threw him into the hound's mouth), as applied to all who act with similar ingratitude. They coursed him a second and a third time, and at the end of each, the lady acted with the same heartlessness, until at length the old man struck the hounds, and took the hare into his lap, where he held him for some time, until he had sufficiently recovered his strength. He then placed him on the ground, and putting the cord around him struck him with the wand, on which he immediately re-assumed his own form.

“Well,” said the old man, “will you tell me how you liked that sport?”

“It might be sport to others,” replied the Story-teller looking at his wife, “but I declare I don't find it so enticing, but I could put up with the loss of it.

You're a droll man, whoever you are. Would it be asking an impertinent question to know from you who you are at all, or where you came from, or what is your trade that you should take a pleasure in plaguing a poor old man of my kind in that manner?"

"Oh," replied the stranger, "I'm a very odd kind of man—a sort of a valking, good-for-little fellow—one day in poverty—another day in plenty—and so on—but if you wish to know anything more about me or my habits, come with me in some of my rambles and perhaps I might show you more than you would be apt to make out if you were to go alone."

"I'm not my own master to go or stay," replied the Story-teller with a resigned look.

When the stranger heard this, he put one hand into the wallet which he carried at his side, and drew out of it before their eyes, a well looking middle-aged man to whom he spoke, as follows:

I command you by all you heard and saw since I put you into my wallet, to take charge of this lady together with the carriage and horses and all, and have them ready for me at a call whenever I shall require them."

He had scarcely said these words when all vanished from the Story-teller's sight, and he found himself on a sudden, transported he knew not how, to a place which he recognized as the Fox's Ford, well known as the residence of Red Hugh O'Donnell. On looking around he saw the old man standing near him in a dress still more grotesque than before. His figure was now erect, though tall and lank, his hair grey, and his ears sticking up through his old hat. The greater part of his sword was exposed behind his hip; he wore a pair of tattered brogues which at every prodigious stride he made over the marshy ground, sent the water in jets up to his knees; and in his hand he carried three green boughs. It happened on this very day that O' Donnell and his followers and kinsmen were partaking of a splendid banquet in his house. They were very merry feasting and drinking together, and as the Story-teller and his companion drew near, they heard one of the guests exclaim in a loud and commanding tone:

“Who will say he ever heard finer music than that? Is it possible that twenty two musicians could be

found from this to the shores of Greece, better skilled in<sup>2</sup>their art than the twenty two who are here to-day ; I mean Darby Mc Gillagan, Cormad O'Cregan, Timothy O'Cunningham, and many more whom I do not mention now by name ?”

“ We do not suppose,” said several of his hearers, “ that any such thing is possible.”

At this moment the Caol Riava (thin grey man) and the Story-teller entered the house :

“ Save all here !” said the Caol Riava.

“ And you likewise,” replied O'Donnell, “ where do you come from now ? ”

“ I slept last night,” replied the stranger, “ in the palace of the king of Scotland.”

‘ Call the door-keeper before me,” said O'Donnell. He was summoned accordingly,

“ Was it you let in this man ?” asked O'Donnell.

“ I give you free lave to whip the head from my two shoulders,” replied the door-keeper, “ if ever I laid eyes upon him before this present moment.”

“ Let it pass,” said the Caol Riava, “ for it would come just as easy to me to go out as to come in, whether the door was open or shut.”

Then turning to the musicians :

“Play something for us,” said he, “that I may judge whether all that I have heard in your praise be merited or otherwise.”

They began to play, first successively, and then in full concert, all kinds of airs and elaborate pieces of music, both on wind and stringed instruments, and when they had concluded, all looked to the new comer to learn his opinion of their performance.

“I assure you,” said the Caol Riava, “that since I first heard of Belzebub and Moloch and Satan and the rest of their infernal compeers, and of the hideous noise and uproar compounded of rage and lamentation which prevails in the dreary region of the demons and in the court of the sable princes of Hell, I never could imagine worse music than what you are just after playing.”

“Play something for us yourself then,” said O'Donnell.

“May be I will, and may be I wont,” replied the Caol Riava, “for you may be certain I will do exactly what I like myself and nothing else.”

“I don’t doubt you.” said O’Donnell.

The Caol Riava then took a harp and began to play in such a manner that the dead might have come out of their graves to hear him without occasioning any astonishment to those who knew the cause they had for so doing. As to the company who were present, sometimes he would make them weep, sometimes laugh, and at other times he could lull them asleep with the power of his enchanting strains.

“You are a sweet man, whoever you are,” said O’Donnell.

“Some days sweet and some days bitter,” replied the Caol Riava.

“Go higher up and sit in company with O’Donnell and eat along with him,” said one of the attendants.

“I will do no such thing,” replied the Caol Riava, “for a pleasing accomplishment in an ugly fellow like me, is like honey in the body of a man who is going to be hanged; so I will go no higher up then where I am; but let me see his goodness here, if he has a mind to shew it at all.”

He kept his place and O’Donnell sent him by the



hands of an attendant a suit of attire, consisting of a cloak of many colours, a fine tunic and other garments to match.

“Here,” said the attendant, “is a full suit that O’Donnell sends you.”

“I will not accept it,” replied the Caol Riava, “for a good man shall never have to say that he lost so much by me.”

“He is either an enemy or something more than mortal,” said O’Donnell, when he heard that the stranger had refused his gifts. “Let twenty horsemen in full armour keep guard outside the house, and as many foot soldiers be stationed inside to watch his movements.”

“What are you going to do with me?” asked the Long Grey Man, when he saw the soldiers gathering round him.

“We mean to have a sharp eye on you, that you may not give us the slip ’till dinner is over,” said O’Donnell.

“You are very hospitable,” replied the Caol Riava “but I give you my word, if you were as good again it is not with you I’ll dine to day.”

“Where else will you dine?” asked O’Donnell.

“Far enough from you, you may be satisfied,” replied the Caol Riava.

“I pledge you my word,” said one of the galloglasses on guard, “if I find you attempting to stir against O’Donnell’s wish I’ll make pound pieces of you with my battle axe.”

The Caol Riava made no reply but took an instrument and began to play as before, in such a manner that all within hearing were all enchanted with his music. He then laid aside the harp and stood up in his place.

“Now,” he said, “look to yourselves, you who are minding me, for I am off!”

The instant he uttered these words, the soldier who before had menaced him raised his battle axe, but instead of wounding the stranger as he intended, he struck a heavy blow on the harness of the man who stood next him. The latter returned the stroke with the best of his will, and in a few moments the whole score of foot guards were hewing at each others heads and shoulders, with their battle axes until the floor was

strewed with their disabled bodies. In [the midst of this confusion the Caol Riava came to the door keeper and said to him :

“Go to O'Donnell and tell him that for a reward of twenty cows and a large farm rent free, you will undertake to bring his people to life again. When he accepts your proposal (as I know he will be glad to do) take this herb and rub a little of it to the roof of each man's mouth, and he will be presently in perfect health again.”

The door-keeper did as he directed, and succeeded perfectly, but when he returned to thank his benefactor, to his great astonishment he could discover no trace of either him or the Story teller.

It happened at this very time that a worthy man, named Mac Eocha, of Leinster, a doctor in poetry, had been laid up with a broken leg more than eighteen weeks without receiving the least relief, although he had sixteen of the ablest surgeons in Leinster in consultation upon it. Happening to lift up his eyes as he sat before his door, he saw the Caol Riava and the Story-teller approaching the former having only one

large garment around him, and an Irish book in his hand out of which he read aloud in one monotonous humming tone.

“Save you, Mac Eocha.” said the Caol Riava.

“And you likewise!” replied Mac Eocha “may I ask you what is your profession.”

“Why,” replied the Caol Riava, “I am what you may call the makings of a physician from Ulster.”

“And what is your name?”

“Call me Cathal ō Gein and I will answer to it,” replied the stranger. “I understand you are of a very churlish and inhospitable disposition, and if you changed your conduct, I would be apt to cure your leg for you.”

“I acknowledge my failing,” said Mac Eocha, “I am as niggardly as any miser until I take my third cup, but from that out I am easy as to what others may do. But I promise you if you cure me that I will not be guilty of that fault again.”

While he was speaking the sixteen Doctors who were in attendance on him came up, to enquire how he was getting on, upon which he told them of the offer made by the Caol Riava.

The Doctors looked at the stranger, and at the Story teller and then laughed immoderately.

“’Tis very well,” said the Caol Riava, but wait a little. Rise up now,” said he to Mac Eocha, “and let me see which can you or your sixteen physicians run fastest.”

Up started Mac Eocha, and away went the sixteen doctors after their patient, but he left them far behind, and came back in great spirits to his house, while they remained panting and puffing at a distance.

“Now, you Mac Eocha,” said the stranger, “do not be guilty of inhospitality or churlishness from this this time forward, or if you do, I’ll come to you again, and break your leg worse than it was before, and not only that, but the other leg also I’ll break in such a manner that all the surgeons in the Fenian hosts will not be able to cure it for you. As for these sixteen impostors that pretended to treat it for you, not one of them shall ever walk without a limp from this time forward.”

“I promise you I will remember what you say,” replied Mac Eocha, “and to make a beginning come in

now and partake of a magnificent banquet which shall be prepared on the instant, for you and your companion."

They entered the house and were followed by the sixteen physicians who shortly after came limping across the threshold. However, while Mac Eocha was ordering the banquet, an attendant ran to tell him that the Ulster doctor was running down the hill, which sloped away from the door, faster than a greyhound with a hare in his eye. Mac Eocha was so much surprised at his abrupt departure that he made these lines which were often repeated after him :

Though my trust in his skill and his learning is high,  
I'd have liked him the better for bidding good bye:  
If the doctors of Ulster have all the same breeding,  
T'were fitter they stuck to their cupping and bleeding.

Meanwhile the Story teller and his strange master found themselves on a wild heath in Sligo, where they beheld O'Connor of Connaught at the head of a powerful army with a vast herd of cattle and other spoils, which he had driven from the bondsmen of Munster. The Caol Riava went up and saluted him :

"Save you O'Connor," he said boldly.

“And you likewise,” replied the monarch, “what is your name?”

“Call me Giolla De,” said the Caol Riava, “what is the cause of the confusion which I observe amongst your forces?”

“We are expecting an attack from the Munster men,” replied the king, “and are at a loss how to drive the spoils and repel the enemy at the same time.”

“What made you drive them at all?” said the Caol Riava.

“You know,” replied the king, “that a monarch ought always to be ready to redress the slightest grievance of his subjects. Now it happened that a Connaught woman lent a basket to a woman of her acquaintance in Munster who refused to return it at the appointed time. I heard of the injury and immediately raised an army to avenge it. I am now returning with the spoils, a portion of which I intend to bestow on the poor woman who lost her basket.”

“And what will you do with the rest?” inquired the Giolla De.

“I will keep them myself,” said the king, “to sig-

nalize my victory, and enhance the national glory, after the way of all great kings.”

“I’m afraid it will give you enough to do,” replied the Caol Riava, “for before you leave this heath, ‘you will have more Munster men to meet you, than there are purple bells all over it.’”

“That’s what I fear,” said the king.

“What will you give me if I help you,” said the Caol Riava.

“You!” cried one of O’Connor’s men with a burst of laughter, “it cannot make much difference to O’Connor, whether you go or stay.”

“What reward would you require?” asked O’Connor.

“A share, little or much, of anything you may get while I am with you;” replied the Giolla De.

“Agreed,” exclaimed the king.

“Very well,” said the Giolla De, “do you hold on your journey driving your spoils, while I coax the Munster men home again.”

The king proceeded and saw nothing of the men of Munster until he reached his own domain where he



arrived before any of his retinue. As he did so he perceived the Giolla De, and the Story teller again by his side. Wearied from the fatigue of the expedition, after welcoming them he entered a shieling by the wayside, and called for a drink. It was brought and he drank it of without even thinking of the Giolla De.

“I am sorry to see you forget your agreement,” said the latter.

“Do you call that trifle a breach of my agreement?” said the king.

“Ah,” replied the Giolla De, “it is trifles that show the mind. You went to war for a basket, and you call a cup of wine a trifle.” And he immediately spoke these lines :

The wrong a king doth, were it huge as a mountain  
He weighs it no more than a drop from the fountain,  
The wrong a king suffers; though light as a bubble,  
Sends fools to the slaughter, and kingdoms to trouble.  
Thenceforth I'll not swear by the weight of a feather  
Nor the firmness of ice in the sunny spring weather  
But I'll swear by a lighter, more slippery thing.  
And my troth shall be plight, by the word of a king.

The instant he had uttered these lines the Caol Riava and the Story-teller vanished from the eyes of O'Con-

nor who looked around for them in vain in all directions. But what astonished him still more was, that not a particle of all the spoils he had driven from Munster remained with his host, nor could anything be found throughout the whole army but an old basket which the Connaught woman already spoken of, recognized as the one she had lent to the Munster woman. While all were wondering at those strange events, the Caol Riava and the astonished Story teller approached the house of a man named Thady O'Kelly who at that moment happened to be sitting at his own door, in the midst of his friends and dependants. The Caol Riava drew near dressed in the same tattered garments as usual and bearing a white crooked wand in his hand.

“Save you Thady O Kelly,” said the Caol Riava.

“And you likewise,” replied Thady, “from whence do you come?”

“From the house of O'Connor, Sligo” answered the the Caol Riava.

“What is your occupation?” asked Thady.

“I am a travelling juggler,” replied the stranger, “and if you promise to give me five pieces of silver, I will perform a trick for you.”

“ I do promise you,” said Thady.

The Caol Riava then took three small *siveens* or leeks and placed them lengthwise on his hand, and said he would blow out the middle one and leave the two others in their places. All present said that such a feat was perfectly impossible, for the three *siveens* were so light and lay so close together that the breath which carried away one, must necessarily take the two others also. However the Caol Riava put his two fingers on the two outside leeks, and then blew away that which was in the middle.

“ There’s a trick for you, Thady O’Kelly,” said the Caol Riava.

“ I declare to my heart,” said Thady, “ ’tis a good one.” And he paid him the five pieces of silver.

“ Why then, that he may get good of your money, himself and his trick,” said one of O’Kelly’s men. “ If you gave me half what you nave him, I’ll engage I’d perform the same trick as well as he did it.”

“ Oh ’tis easy enough to do it” said Thady.

“ Take him at his word,” said the Caol Riava, “ I’d wager anything he fails, for I never yet saw a boaster succeed in any thing he attempted.”

Thady commanded him to proceed and the fellow placed three *siveens* on his hand, and laying his two fingers on the outside ones was about to blow away that in the centre. However he had scarcely done so much, when his two fingers went down through the palm of his hand in such a manner that the tips appeared at the back, and would have remained so in all likelihood to the day of his death if the *Cleaiaye*, or juggler had not rubbed an herb upon the place and healed it.

“Well,” said he “you perceive that every thing is not easy that looks so. But if you Thady O’Kelly will give me five pieces more, I’ll do another trick for you as good as the last.”

“You shall have them,” answered Thady, “if you let us hear what it is to be.”

“Do you see my two ears?” said the juggler, thrusting his head forward.

“What a show they are!” said Thady, “to be sure we do.”

“Well, will you give me the five pieces, if I stir one of my ears without stirring the other.”

“Indeed I will,” said Thady, “that is impossible at all events, for you can only move the ears by moving the whole scalp of your head, and then both must move together.”

The juggler put up his hand and catching hold of one ear stirred it.

“Upon my word,” said Thady, “you have won my five pieces again, and that is a very good trick.”

“He’s welcome home to us with his tricks,” said the same man who spoke before, “if he calls that a trick. Only I was so hasty and so awkward while ago, I could have done the trick well enough, but there’s no great art required for this at all events.”

So saying, he put up his hand and stirred his ear but to his astonishment and terror it came away between his fingers! However the juggler rubbed an herb once more to the place, and healed it as before.

“Well, Thady O’Kelly,” said the juggler, “I will now show you a more curious trick than either of those if you give me the same money.”

“You have my word for it,” said Thady.

The juggler then took out of his bag a large ball of

thread, and folding the end around his finger, flung it slantwise up into the air. Up it flew unrolling as it proceeded, while all gazed after it, lost in wonder until it disappeared amongst the clouds. He next took out of his bag a fine hare which he placed on the thread, when to the increasing astonishment of the beholders, the animal ran up the line with as much dexterity as if she had been all her life at Astley's or Vauxhall. He next took out a greyhound, which he placed on the thread in like manner, when the animal stretched away after the hare with as much zest and security as if both were on the Curragh of Kildare on a March morning.

“Now,” said the Caol Riava, “has any one a mind to run up after the dog and see the course?”

“I will,” said the man who had spoken twice before.

“You are always ready,” said the juggler, “but I fear you are lazy, for you are almost as broad as you are lazy, and I'm afraid you'll fall asleep on the way and let the hound eat the hare.”

“There is not a more active man in the known

world than the very individual who is talking to you now," said the fat man.

"Up with you then," said the juggler, "but I warn you if you let my hare be killed, I'll cut off your head when you come down."

The fat fellow ran up the thread and all three soon disappeared. After looking up for a long time, the Coal Riava said :

"I'm afraid the hound is eating the hare, and that our fat friend has fallen asleep."

Saying this he began to wind the thread and found the case as he had suspected it to be, the fat man fast asleep, and the grey hound with the last morsel of the hare between his teeth. He immediately drew his sword and cut off the young man's head at a blow.

At this Thady O'Kelly stood up and said he did not relish such conduct and that it was not a thing he could ever sanction to see a young man murdered in that manner under his roof.

"If it grieves you," said the juggler, "I think as little of curing him now as I did before ; but I must

leave him some mark to make him remember his rashness."

So saying he placed the head upon the shoulders again and healed them, but in such a manner that the countenance looked the wrong way, after which he spoke these lines :—

What I take at my ease, at my ease I restore,  
It becomes him much better I'm sure than before,  
If any man says I have wronged him thereby,  
Tell that man from me that I give him the lie.  
For an insolent braggart is odder to see  
Than a fool with his face where his poll ought to be.

The Coal 'Riava had scarcely uttered those lines when he and the Story-teller disappeared, nor could any person present tell whether they had flown into the air or whether the earth had swallowed them. The next place the Story-teller found himself with his whimsical master, was in the palace of the king of Leinster, where the customary evening banquet was on the point of being prepared. The Story-teller was grieved and perplexed to hear the king continually asking for his favorite Story-teller, while no one present was able to give any account of him.



“Now,” said the Caol Riava turning to him, “I have rendered you invisible in order that you may witness all that is about to take place here, without being recognised by any of your daily acquaintances.

So saying, he sat down close to the musicians who were playing in concert at the time. Observing the attention which he paid, the chief musician said when they concluded :

“Well my good man, I hope you like our performance?”

“I’ll tell you that,” replied the Caol Riava. “Were you ever listening to a cat purring over a bowl of broth?”

“I often heard it,” replied the chief musician.

“Or did you ever hear a parcel of beetles buzzing about in the dusk on a summer evening?”

“I did,” said the chief musician.

“Or a bitter faced old woman scolding in a passion?”

“I did often,” said the chief musician, who was a married man.

“Well then,” said the Caol Riava, “I’d rather be listening to any one of them than to your music.”

“You insolent ragamuffin,” said the chief musician, “it well becomes you to express yourself in that manner.”

“You are the last that ought to say so,” replied the Caol Riava, “for though bad is the best of the whole of you, yet if I were to look out for the worst I should never stop ’till I lighted on yourself.”

At these words the chief musician arose, and drawing his sword made a blow at the Caol Riava, but instead of striking him, he wounded one of his own party who returned the blow forthwith, and in a little time the whole band of musicians were engaged in mortal conflict one with another. While all this confusion prevailed an attendant came and awoke the king who had been taking a nap while the music played.

“What’s the matter?” said the king.

“The harpers that are murdering one another, please your majesty.”

“Please me!” cried the king of Leinster, “it does not please me. They ought to be satisfied with mur-

dering all the music in my kingdom, without murdering the musicians too. "Who began it?" says his majesty.

"A stranger that thought proper to find fault with their music," replied the attendant.

"Let him be hanged," said the king, "and do not disturb me again about him."

Accordingly some of the king's guards took the Caol Riava, and carried him out to a place where they erected a gallows, and hanged him without loss of time. However on returning to the palace, they found the Caol Riava within, sitting among the guests without having the least appearance of having been ever hanged in his life.

"Never welcome you in," cried the captain of the guard, "didn't we hang you this minute, and what brings you here?"

"Is it me myself you mean?" said the Caol Riava.

"Who else?" said the captain.

"That the hand may turn into a pig's foot with you when you think of tying the rope," said the Caol Riava, "why should you speak of hanging me?"

They went out in alarm, and to their horror, found the king's favourite brother hanging in the place of the Caol Riava. One of them went to the king and woke him up.

“What's the matter now?” cried the king, yawning and stretching himself.

“Please your majesty we hanged that vagabond according to your majesty's orders, and he's as well as ever again now in spite of us.” He was afraid of telling him about his brother.

“Take him and hang him again then,” and don't be disturbing me about such trifles,” said the king of Leinster, and he went off to sleep again.

They did as he recommended, and the same scene was repeated three times over, and at each time, some near friend or favourite kinsmen of the king was hanged instead of the Caol Riava. By this time the captain of the guard was fairly at his wit's end,

“Well,” said the Caol Riava, “do you wish to hang me any more?”

“We'll have no more to say to you,” said the captain, “you may go wherever you like and, the sooner

the better. We got trouble enough by you already. May be 'tis the king himself we'd find hanging the next time we tried it."

"Since you are growing so reasonable," said the Caol Riava, "you may go out now and take your three friends down again. They will not be so much the worse for their experience, but they can thank you for finding them more comfortable quarters; and I give you a parting advice, never while you live again to interpose between a critic and a poet, a man and his wife, or a mother and an only child," after which he spoke these lines :

He who censures the strain, which a minstrel composes,  
Must lie upon something less grateful than roses ;  
He who takes up a quarrel begun by a poet,  
May at bottom have wit, but lacks wisdom to show it,  
For than him a worse ninny, will rarely be found,  
Who would peril his nose for a dealer in sound.

Immediately after he had uttered these verses, he disappeared, and the Story-teller found himself in company with him on the spot where they had first met, and where his wife with the carriage and horses were

awaiting, them, under the care of the man to whom the Coal Riava had entrusted them.

“Now,” said the latter, “I will not be tormenting you any longer.” There are your carriage and horses and your dogs, and your money, and your lady, and you may take them with you as soon as you please for I have no business in life with any of them at all.”

The Story-teller paused for some moments to collect his thoughts before he made any reply.

“For my carriage and horses and hounds,” he said at length, “I thank you, but my lady and my money you may keep.”

“No,” replied the Bocoeh, “I have told you that I do not want either, and do not harbour any ill will against your lady on account of what she has done, for she could not help it.”

“Not help it!” exclaimed the Story-teller. “Not help kicking me into the mouth of my own hounds! Not help casting me off after all my kindness to her in favour of a beggarly old—I beg pardon,” he said, correcting himself, “I ought not to speak in that way, but a woman’s ingratitude will make a man forget his good manners.”

“No offence in life,” said the Bocoeh, “for these terms are very just and apply not to my own real form but to that which I have assumed for the purpose of befriending you. I am Aongus of Bruff, for whom you obtained many a favour from the king of Leinster. This morning I discovered by my skill in things hidden that you were in a difficulty, and immediately determined to free you from it. As to your lady, do not blame her for what has passed, for by the same power which enabled me to change the form of your body, I changed the affections of her mind. Go home therefore as man and wife should do, and now you have a story to tell the king of Leinster, when he calls for it.”

Saying this he disappeared, and the lady bursting in tears begged her husband’s forgiveness and assured him that she would sooner die a thousand deaths than act in such a manner, if some extraordinary influence had not possessed her.

This explanation proving entirely satisfactory to the Story-teller, they proceeded homeward happily together. Notwithstanding all the speed they could make

it was so late when the Story-teller arrived at the king's palace, that his Majesty had already retired to his sleeping chamber. When the Story-teller entered, the king enquired the cause of his delay.

“Please your Majesty,” said the Story-teller, “there is nothing like the plain truth, and I will tell it to you if you desire it.”

The king commanded him by all means to do so. Accordingly, the Story-teller began, and gave a detailed account of the adventures of the day, his difficulty in trying to invent a story, the benevolence of the friendly Draoidhe (or Druid) and the ingratitude of his wife remarkable in itself and still more so in the singular manner in which it was explained. When it was ended the king laughed so heartily and was so diverted with his narrative that he commanded him to commence the whole again and relate it from beginning to end before he went to sleep. The Story-teller obeyed, and when he had concluded, the king commanded him never again to go to the trouble of inventing a new story, but to tell him that one every night, for he never would listen to another story again as long as he lived.

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A general murmur of approbation followed the conclusion of the Second Juryman's Tale, after which a call arose for his "song," with which he complied as follows :—

## I.

When filled with thought of life's young day,  
 Alone in distant climes we roam  
 And year on year has roll'd away  
 Since last we view'd our own dear home.  
 Oh then at evening's silent hour,  
 In chamber lone or moonlight bow'r,  
 How sad on memory's listering ear,  
 Come long lost voices sounding near!  
 Like the wild chime of village bells  
 Heard far away in mountain dells.

## II.

But oh! for time let kind hearts grieve,  
 His term of youth and exile's o'er,  
 Who sees in life's declining eve  
 With alter'd eyes his native shore!  
 With aching heart and weary brain,  
 Who treads those lonesome scenes again!  
 And backward views the sunny hours  
 When first he knew those ruin'd bow'rs,  
 And hears in every passing gale  
 Some best affection's dying wail.

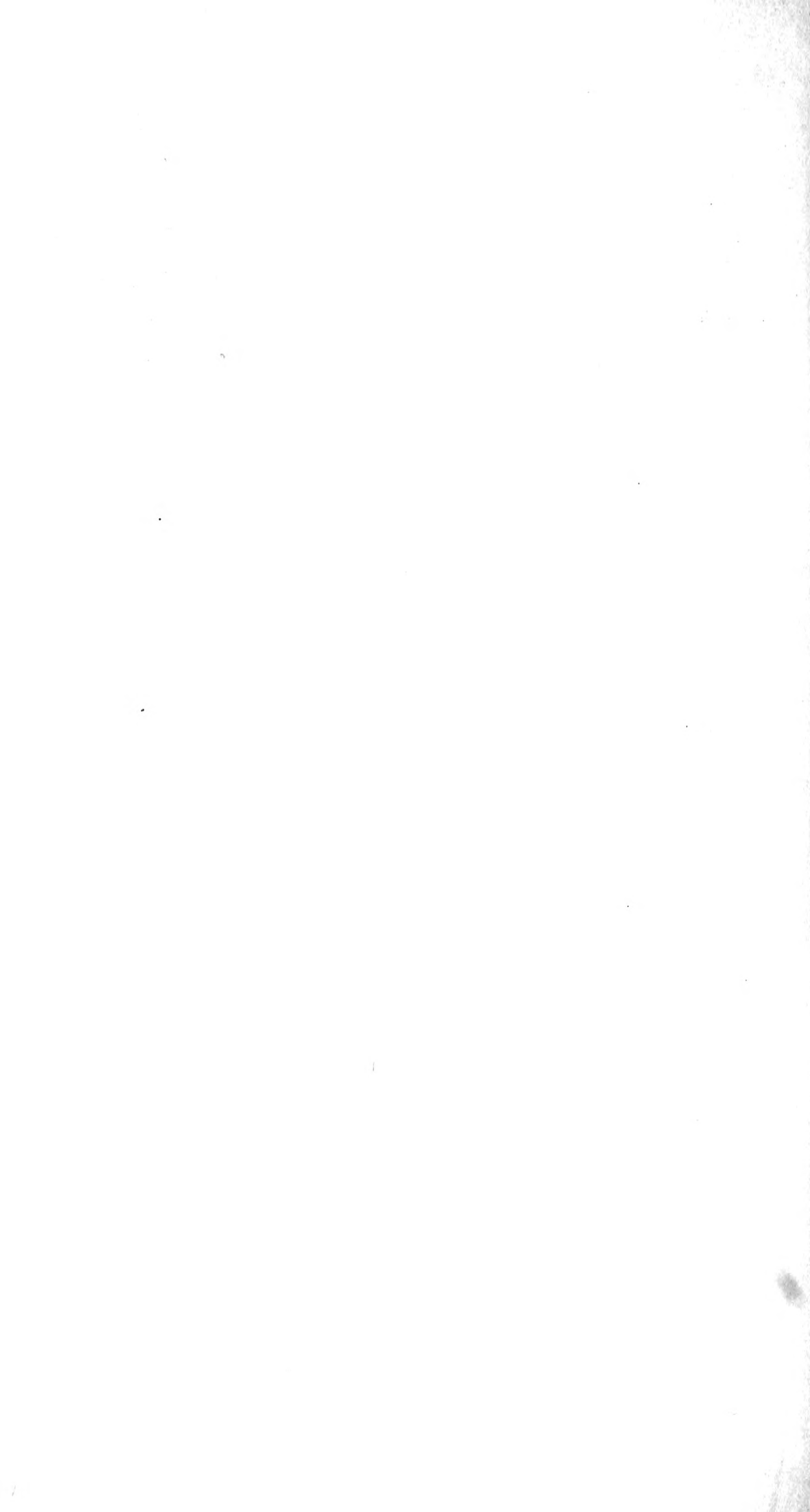
## III.

Oh, say, what spell of power serene  
Can cheer that hour of sharpest pain,  
And turn to peace the anguish keen  
That deeper wounds because in vain?  
'Tis not the thought of glory won,  
Of hoarded gold or pleasures gone  
But one bright course, from earliest youth,  
Of changeless faith—unbroken truth,  
These turn to gold, the vapours dun,  
That close on life's descending sun.

The song was received with as much applause as the story on the part of the company, after which the person who sat third in succession, was called on to choose the alternative of paying the fine, or complying with the requisite conditions :

“Gentlemen,” said the third juror, rising from his place, “apart from the satisfaction, I must ever feel in striving to contribute to your innocent entertainment, I confess that shillings are not so plentiful with me that I could feel myself warranted in neglecting any honourable occasion of avoiding their expenditure. I will therefore endeavour to imitate the example of our worthy Foreman, hoping you will bear in mind, that a man can only do his best in your service.”

Loud cheers announced the assent of the company to this favourable proposition, after which the third Juryman resumed his seat, and commenced his narrative in the following words.



## THE THIRD JURYMAN'S TALE.

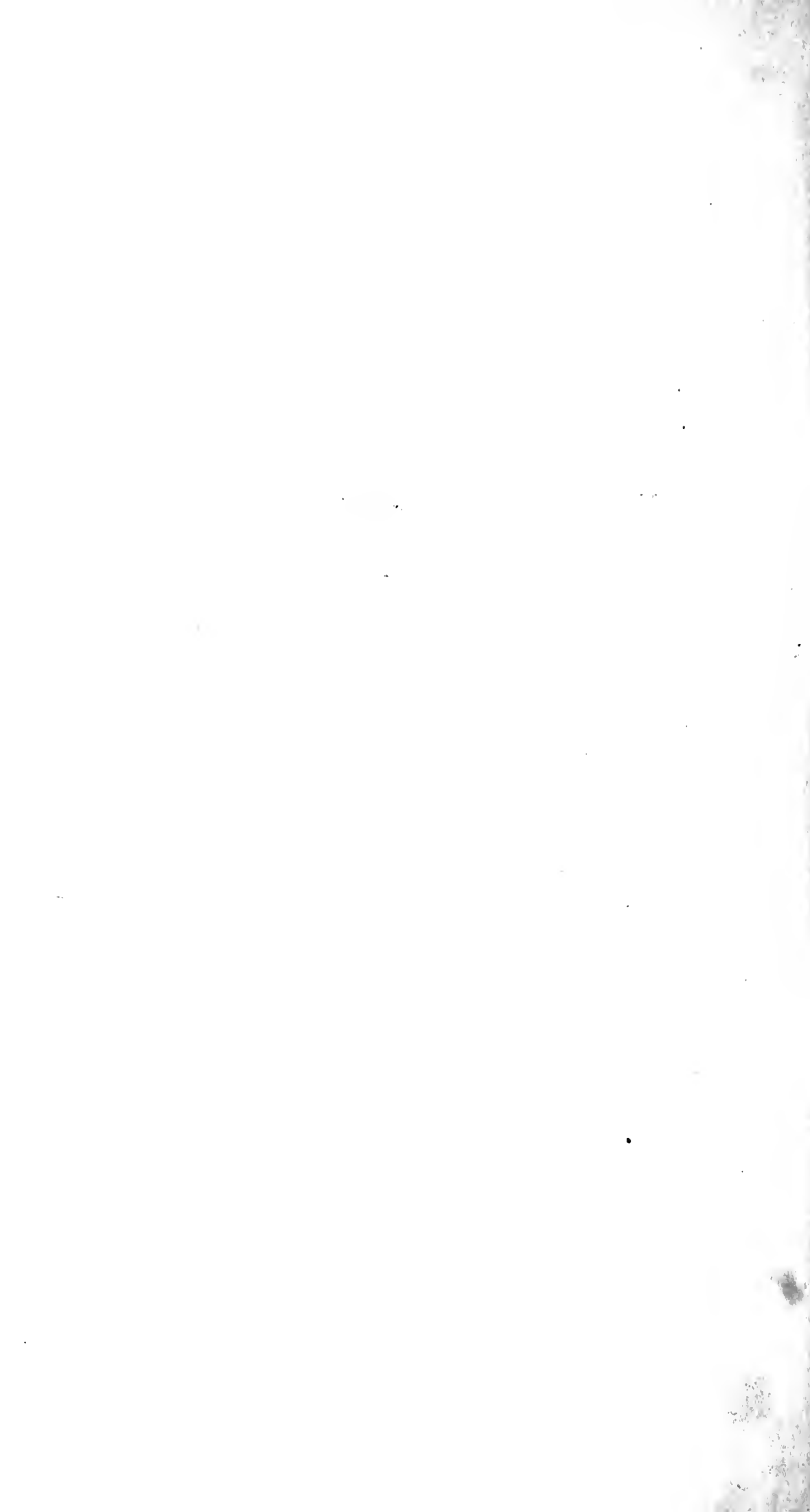
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### THE KNIGHT WITHOUT REPROACH.

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Honour that is ever living,  
Honour that is ever giving;  
Honour that sees all and knows,  
Both the ebbs of man and flows;  
Honour that rewards the best,  
Sends thee thy rich labour's rest!

VALENTINIAN.



## THE KNIGHT WITHOUT REPROACH.

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### CHAPTER I.

At the time when Francis the First, of heroic memory, was marching against the united forces of the Italian states, and that Sovereign who was in those days emphatically styled the Emperor, he was suddenly recalled to France, by the revolt and desertion of the Constable of Bourbon. Accordingly he returned homeward, relinquishing with regret his dream of Conflicts, leaving the Milanese, which was already overrun by his troops, in the hands of the Admiral Bonnivet, who so far from adding anything to what his master

had already won, found it more than he could accomplish to retain possession of what the latter had acquired with so much ease and rapidity. His army composed of the flower of the French chivalry, was found far less efficient when the ardour of the men was restricted to purely defensive measures, than it had been when they rode triumphant on the very ridge of conquest, with the dauntless Francis at their head.

It was while the camp remained in this state of inactivity, that a knight, tall and well built, and having that in his aspect and demeanour which immediately attracted the attention and regard of the beholder, sauntered idly towards a tent, the shady interior of which looked cool and inviting in the glare of an Italian mid-day sun. The heat had thinned the camp; the greater portion of the officers and men having retired within the tents. The field in which they stood, a few days before a grassy plain, was now beaten into a parched and dusty level, by the continual tramp of men and horses. Banners drooping in the noon-tide air, and revealing but partial glimpses of some device



renowned in history and song, distinguished the tents of the admiral, of La Palice, of Suffolk, of Lorraine, D'Aubigni Chabanes, and others, whose names shed a lustre on the French nobility. In front of these a sentinel paced slowly to and fro, broiling in his heavy armour and arquebus, and occasionally giving the salute to a small body of horsemen as they galloped hastily by on some mission from the Admiral, half observed by the grey cloud which arose from the horse's feet as they proceeded. At intervals one or two soldiers of the Black Bands, that infantry renowned throughout all Europe, were seen pacing leisurely along, discoursing in quietly murmured tones, of their past victories and the comparative merits of their leaders, Occasionally too, the shrill pipe of a *vivandiere*, complaining of some real or feigned injustice suffered in the disposal of his goods, interrupted the summer stillness of the camp.

“What sayest thou Le Jay?” exclaimed the Knight already spoken of as he entered the tent in which a single equerry was occupied in arranging his master's armour, “how are we to spend these scorching days in which our cautious admiral will not allow us to retreat or to advance?”

“It is a heavy time indeed, my lord,” replied the écuyer, with a modest air.

“I may speak freely with thee, Le Jay,” said the chevalier. “It will I doubt end worse than it has begun. The men are disheartened, and the Confederates as they loiter in our rear, seem to pick up the spirit, which along with other more substantial good things, we are compelled to leave behind us. Francis and Badnivat!—Fire and snow—The one by his excess of energy, hurries us into the very midst of danger and then leaves us in the hands of the other, who by his lack of that quality, is unable to take us out of it. These two extremes meet very punctually and I fear to our grievous loss.”

“I could name one,” said the equerry, “to whom it is agreed on all hands, the post of commander in chief might have been entrusted on this occasion with better advantage.”

“And who is that Le Jay?” enquired the Knight.

“Why my lord,” replied the retainer, “I do not consider it safe to name him, and it is no easy matter to describe him.”

“That’s a strange speech for thee,” interposed the chevalier. “I never yet found thee at a loss for words, whatever other deficiencies thou hast to answer for. Is it Francis de Lorraine?”

“No.”

“No;—Le Tremouille, then?”

“No.”

“De Suffolk?”

[ “No.”

“Chabanes?—or La Palice?”

“No.”

“Still no! D’Aubigne, then? What thou shakest that knavish head of thine again. Nay, then, thou must perforce do thy endeavour at word-painting, for my guesses are run out.”

“Why sir,” said the écuyer, smoothing his neatly trimmed beard for an instant with his hand, “it is a difficult task you set me, but it is my duty to obey. Were his temper tinged with ever so slight a hue of malice, it were easy enough to sketch his portrait; but the subject is without even so much shade as might serve the purposes of contrast without which

I need not tell my gifted master, both the poet and the painter are as much at fault, as one of our own Black Band would be without his arms."

"Thou art right; any dauber may paint a devil, but not all the art of Italy, hath ever furnished the world with even a poor idea of an angel."

"Imprimis," said the écuyer, since thou talkest of angels, he is most religious."

"I like him not the worse for that, if he wear it modestly, and it be sincere in him."

"Sincere? He holdeth a swearer and a poltroon at equal distance. In the day of battle, he is not simply the boldest chevalier under arms, but the most moving ghostly counsellor; two separate beings enclosed in the same suit of armour; half knight—half friar—the one demolishing bodies like a tempest; the other rescuing souls—he will in the same instant, spit a Spanish grandee upon his lance, and in the next, fetch him a confessor."

"Thou wouldst have him put the steel through body and soul together if it were possible."

"Is is doubtful which of the two feelings predomi-

nate in his mind, his contempt for the cuirass and helmet of an armed enemy, or his veneration for the bald head and hempen girdle of a mendicant friar."

"Why, I wonder who thou meanest, for there are few such that I know of in the camp, much less at Court. But let us see a little of the shade if thou have it, for the picture begins to grow oppressive with all this light. Remember we are in Italy, and it is a summer noon."

"Ah, there my pallet fails me," replied the écuyer.

"What, has this paragon no fault?"

"But one, that I can speak of."

"And what is that?"

"That he sometimes bears too hard a hand upon the errors of a devoted follower who would die to serve him." And the écuyer bowed low to his master.

"Chut-chut-chut-chut-chut; thou wert speaking of myself all this while," said the chevalier, neither offended nor gratified by the flattery of his follower, "thou talkest of one pretended fault, and I could have furnished you with a hundred real ones, the least of which were enough to incapacitate him, though he had no other, for the high trust of which we speak. But

a truce with such folly, and set thy wits to work to answer my first question—how are we to consume these broiling hours?”

“What say you to tennis?”

“In this weather?”

“Or a quiet *jue de boule*?”

“Worse and worse.”

“Then there remains but one resource which I have learned too much discretion in my good master’s service to name without permission.”

“What is it, Le Jay? Thou hast it.”

“And yet it was but yesterday morning I received a pointed chiding for the mention of it,” replied the écuyer.

“Oh ho! *L’Amour*?” said the chevalier, yet without displeasure.

Years—ages have rolled by since the gallant knight in question, in common with his other brother chevaliers, ceased to do or to speak, either good or evil for this world:—

The Knights are dust,  
Their good swords are rust,  
Their souls are with the saints we trust,

The hand and tongue that were his instruments either for the one or the other, have been for centuries resolved to dust. In the words of one of his own historians, this "chevalier sans reproche" was not at all times "un chretien sans defaut." The truth must be spoken, but let it be enough to speak the truth. Let us add no censure. Far be it from us to extenuate the faults which history has ascribed to him: still farther to suffer that they should obscure the unfading lustre, which his heroic virtues have shed upon the history of his times, and of his country.

At this period, when the heroism of the youthful Francis had revived the sinking chivalry of France, and brought back the days of Charlemagne in all but the consummate prudence, which usually directed the enterprise of that imperial hero of song and tale, there were few names, even at this brilliant period, which might bear comparison with that of the gallant knight whom for the present it shall suffice to designate as the chevalier. It has been remarked indeed, that the court never entrusted him with the important function

of Commander in chief, and even on this disastrous expedition, all his fame and his services had not prevented his being overlooked in favour of the feeble Bonnivet. The chevalier, however, had a spirit incapable of resentment, or of jealousy. He could not avoid seeing and lamenting the incapacity of the Admiral, but he never thought of murmuring against the free choice of his king, for whom he entertained a pure and disinterested loyalty worthy of the early days of chivalry. Even in those courts where merit is most highly favoured, it is not always independent of intrigue, and as those were means which the chevalier did not desire to use, it happened that at the hands of the great Francis himself, he merited honours more frequently than he received them. The enterprises in consequence, which were entrusted to his management were often of that kind which rather demands ability, than confers distinction: and in these he displayed a quick and well governed genius, and an intrepidity of mind which nothing could disturb. From the age of seventeen years, at which he for the first time carried arms, to the close of his glorious career, his fame as a



soldier and a knight, continued to extend from day to day, until it filled a space in individual history, fully equal to that of the chivalrous monarch whom he served with so disinterested a fidelity to his latest breath. But his portrait is to be sought in history, and enough has been already sketched to answer the purposes of my narrative.

A few days before that on which the foregoing dialogue took place, the two individuals between whom it passed were walking together at a short distance from the camp when the chevalier complained of thirst. A cottage apparently belonging to a farmer of the very humblest class, stood with the door invitingly open. A middle aged country woman, meanly clad, and a young girl whose beauty both of form and features, received additional grace from the modest gentleness of her demeanour, were the only persons whom they found within. The elderly woman complained much of the ruin which the continuance of the war had brought upon the country while her daughter listened with a grieved and downcast look. It was this picture which came before the mind of the chevalier (not for

the first time since he had looked upon it,) on the remote suggestion of his attendant.

“Hast thou learned any thing further, Le Jay,” he asked after a pause, “of those people; that querulous mother, and her well-shaped daughter?”

“I have not, my lord,” replied the écuyer, “nor sought it.”

“And wherefore, tell me, good Le Jay? Thou knowest what a time I have spent since I entered that cottage.”

“In good truth, my lord, I will take no pains about it. A poor écuyer hath a body and a soul to save as well as a chevalier, and I have heard too much good counsel in your worship’s excellent service to be ready to fling mine away, for no better hire perchance than a round half hour’s lecture for my pains.”

“Tush,” said the Knight, “I was in the sour vein that morning. I had been with the Admiral, who has the flattering knack of always soliciting another’s counsel, and always following his own; and his fears, and his wavering, and his shifting to this side and to that lighting on every measure, and resting upon none—

neither bold enough to be victorious, nor cautious enough to be secure, were such that it soured my spirit to speak with him, and as he was Commander in chief and thou wert but the écuyer of an insignificant chevalier, I made thee compliment of the full measure of chagrins which it were more just than seemly to bestow upon the Admiral."

The écuyer acknowledged the preference by a grateful bow.

"Therefore dost thou hear?—prosecute this matter, and speak of it no more unless to tell me thou hast succeeded; I trust all to thy discretion; of thy genius I have had proofs in many ways, so I doubt not of its efficiency in this, and the sooner thou hast executed thy commission the better."

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The third Juror here paused to replenish his tumbler, which had insensibly become exhausted since he commenced speaking. We will take advantage of the pause to close this first chapter of his narrative.

## CHAPTER II.

LE JAY required no more. As the day declined, he left the company and hastened in the direction of the cottage of Francesca Pacheco. The sound of a voice high in anger made him pause, as he drew nigh, and remain for a time concealed by some intervening shrubs, as one might wait the passing of a shower.

“Don’t tell me—don’t tell me!” exclaimed the voice tremulous with passion; “it is little wonder we should be poor and hungry and needy. At thy rosary truly? And I must drudge like a plough horse while thou art chapel-hunting. What with masses and rosaries there is nothing done in the house, from sunrise to sunset as it should be, except what I am ob-

liged to do myself, to the sacrifice of the little remains of health, that old age and care have left me."

"I thought I had left nothing undone, mother."

"What hast thou to do with masses and rosaries? and pious sodalities? It is for those who are at their ease, and have a heavy purse and a well stocked cellar to spend so much time upon the concerns of their soul, and not for poor wretches like us, who know not when we rise in the morning, where we are to provide the means of subsisting until nightfall.

"I was wrong, I know mother."

"Thou art ever so when we differ. I ask thyself, had I ever to reprove thee yet, that in the end thou had'st not to make the same confession? Is it not the invariable termination of all our disputes, that in the end thou art compelled thus to entwine thy hands together, and cry bitterly, and say, 'I was wrong mother?' Is it not, I ask thee?"

"I believe it is indeed mother."

"Do—cry away—did'st thou ever once hear me make such an acknowledgement?"

"Never indeed that I remember."

“To thee, or to any one else.”

“Never I believe.”

“Did'st thou ever see me thus fold my hands together and burst out a crying, and say “I was wrong, daughter?” No, I warrant you, nor any one else in the parish. I am four and thirty years old come next Assumption, (Dame Francesca had come to a halt at four and thirty, for fifteen years past at least,) and no one can say that since I first learned the use of my tongue, I ever yet was heard to acknowledge myself on the wrong side in a dispute;—never.”

There was a brief pause, as if intended to allow this triumphant assertion to make a due impression.

“But thou art ever in the wrong,” the voice continued, “and the proof of it is, that thou art always thyself compelled to acknowledge it. Aye, cry—it may do thee good—though I cannot say that it ever hath produced that effect upon thee yet, any more than any thing else. But it is no fault of mine. I am sure I say enough to thee. Do I not? Do I suffer a day to pass without talking myself hoarse in striving to make thee sensible of thy misconduct? Do I?”

There was an answer in the negative, almost inaudible for timidity.

“ And what is my return? the reward for all my counsels? to find thee day after day repeating the same scene, listening without a word to say in thy defence, and in the end, bursting out a crying and acknowledging thy fault. But I cannot help it—I can but give my counsel if thou wilt not follow it, the guilt be upon your own head. Yes—thou addest the black crime of ingratitude to all thy other offences, for I do think that never was so pains-taking a mother afflicted with so disobedient, so idle, so self-willed a daughter.”

Dame Francesca Pacheco had by the force of continual iteration asserted herself into the conviction, that she was indeed the very paragon of mothers, and the young Rosalia, anything but the paragon of daughters;—nay, such is the power of eloquence, that she had by the same persevering strength of asseveration, persuaded her daughter likewise into the full belief that her mother was a very model of goodness as a mother, and that she was herself one of the most

worthless and disobedient, and incorrigible daughters in all Milan. So in answer to the foregoing invective, she could only multiply her penitent tears.

“But did'st thou tell me all?” the louder of the two voices resumed, “Hast thou been no where else than to the convent?”

“No where indeed, mother, I did but wait until the Angelus had ended.”

“Nor staid to gossip or ask questions by the way?”

“I—oh, yes—I spoke for a few moments, with one person only.”

“I thought so. O this art! I could forgive anything but art and cunning. But I promise thee clever as thou art, and simpleton as thou thinkest me, thou shalt not find me simple enough to be thy dupe.”

Rosalia, who was the last person in the world to make a dupe of anybody, could only weep afresh at this new charge.

“And who was this person with whom you had the heart to remain idly gossiping, while you knew that your poor feeble widowed parent was wearing out her existence, to find the means of prolonging your's at home?”



“It was Maria Pecchio.”

“Umph! I might have guessed as much. And what was the important subject of your conversation? No artifice! no hiding of the truth! Thou mightest as well speak plainly, for I shall be sure to find it out. Thou knowest that when I once have got fairly a-foot to track a secret, there is not a hole in the Duchy of Milan in which it can escape me.”

“Indeed, dear mother, I have no desire to hide it from you. She did but stop me on the *bye*-path near Rencio Ceri’s vineyard, to tell me that—that—Jacopo had returned,” she added blushing and looking down at her sandals.

“So—so—so—so—bit after bit, the whole plot is coming forth. I see the whole at length—Maria Pacchioli came to tell thee that Jacopo had returned, and thou and Maria went together by the vineyard to Pacchioli’s house, and thou remainedst talking with Jacopo, while I supposed thou wert piously joining in the Angelus.”

“Me, mother! I remain talking with Jacopo! I go to Jacopo’s house! Indeed I did not—I scarcely

stopped to hear Maria say he had arrived, when I hurried back.

“Umph! And you did not go to Pacchioli’s?”

“Me? Not I, indeed.”

“Well, in that part at least thou didst right for once in thy life. This Jacopo might very well have remained where he was. We are poor enough in ourselves without tying his poverty to our own. But we will talk of this hereafter, go in and try to make up by a little exertion before night closes, for the shameful indolence and artifice, with which thou hast disgraced the day.”

Rosalia entered the cottage without reply, and Dame Francesca remained without, deliberating some matter silently in her own mind. She was not so blind to her daughter’s merits, as to suppose that apart from all which had relation to herself, Rosalia, was already destitute of any claim to esteem or admiration. Her beauty spoke for itself so plainly, that it was not to be called in question, like her unseen graces of character and disposition. It is true there were few young men of their rank in the neighbour-

hood, who could afford in the choice of a wife to be influenced by ornamental, rather than useful qualities, but the case might do otherwise, when both were combined as they actually were in Rosalia, in a sufficient degree to render her worthy the esteem of any individual, with the exception of so unparalleled a mother. These reflections which had their weight with even Dame Francesca herself, had led her to look with less approving eyes than hitherto, upon the long projected union between Jacopo Pecchioli, one of the many younger sons of a neighbouring farmer, and her daughter! Whatever prospect Jacopo had a year before of being able to provide for a wife and family, was now entirely annihilated, in Francesca's eyes at least, by the sudden irruption on the country, of conflicting armies, and she had accordingly in her own mind determined to see, whether Rosalia's good qualities, both of mind and person might succeed in obtaining for her a settlement, more conducive to their common advantage. It was true Jacopo had been their friend from childhood, and at all times regarded Francesca with the feelings of a son. But circumstances had changed, and one's

feeling's must not be put in the balance against an imperative necessity. There were several comfortable young farmers in the neighbourhood, who when they should understand that Rosalia was at liberty, and—

Francesca had proceeded so far in her train of thought, when it was suddenly interrupted by a voice so near, that she started as if her silent reflections were liable to observation. In justice to the good lady, it should be stated that the tone of severe animadversion, in which she conceived it her duty almost invariably to address her daughter, was not extended indiscriminately to all who had the happiness of enjoying her acquaintance. She could upon occasion be gracious and affable to an extreme, more especially when the individual she addressed, was one wholly beyond the sphere of her authority, and who, either by superior rank or wealth, or an influential interest with those who possessed either, might possibly have it in his power to gratify her taste for some of the good things of this life, for which Francesca was said to entertain a fondness, that sometimes interfered painfully with her stricter notions of morality. Such an indivi-

dual was he, who now stood before her, for she had little hesitation in recognising the esquire of the cavalier, whom she had the honour' of receiving in her cottage a few days before. Accordingly, the close knit eyebrows relaxed, the contemptuous curve, described by the protruded lips, making them resemble those of a frog emerging from his pond, and prudently reconnoitering the country before he will venture ashore, or the arch of a lofty bridge spanning a very narrow stream, now became smilingly inverted to a semblance of the same arch, reflected in the glassy stream beneath; the likeness of a battered dollar vanished from the chin, and Dame Francesca returned [the parisian greeting of the *écuyer* with one of her most condescending courtesies.

“ Ah, signor, you are welcome ! Will you please to come in ? ”

Le Jay had lost nothing of his confidence, by the conversation which he had overheard. Determined to make the most of his time, he politely declined the invitation, and signified to Francesca that he had a communication to make to her from the “ chevalier,”

his master, which he had rather deliver in some place where they might not be liable to interruption.

“A message for me?” Francesca exclaimed overflowing with sudden curiosity, as she led the écuyer to a little distance from the house.

“In the first place,” said Le Jay, “the cavalier presents his respects to you and to the charming donzella, and begs that you will accept the enclosed, as a trifling mark of his esteem.”

“Me, Signor! me accept money from the noble—the generous cavalier! Never! never! It shall not be said that Francesca Pacheco receives money in return for the ordinary offices of hospitality.”

As she uttered these words, by way of evincing her determination, she turned her back directly on the ambassador, placing one hand behind it, in order to add to the dignity of her movements.

“But as a mark of esteem, merely Signora,” said the écuyer. “Surely you would not occasion my master so much pain, as he must feel when he hears that you have refused him?” And saying this in his most insinuating tones, he ventured to slip the purse

into the hand just spoken of, and with gentle violence to close the fingers on the treasure.

“ In that case indeed, Signor’,” said Francesca slowly withdrawing the hand as she turned gradually round, “as a mark of esteem as you say, and to avoid wounding the feelings of the dear, noble cavalier——” here she shot a downward glance at the purse, ere she plunged it into her capacious side pocket. “ And yet, Signor, to lay pride apart,” she continued in a mournful voice, “ if you did but know the miserable state of mind in which the war has left me at this moment, not knowing how soon this cottage in which I spent the happiest years of my life,” here the good lady laid hold of the corner of her apron, “ may pass into other hands, and I be cast upon the world without a home or a resting-place.”

As she said these words, she lifted the apron to her eyes and turned her head aside, to indulge her grief without restraint.

“ This cottage ! What a pity !” exclaimed Le Jay, with a commiserating air, “ and where as you observe Signora, the happiest days of your life were spent !

Alas! and can nothing be done to prevent such a misfortune?"

This imprudent question drew from the old lady a copious history of a whole catalogue of grievances and oppressions, complaints of creditors, who were heard-hearted enough to come looking for their money, and sundry other unmerited afflictions, which notwithstanding all the prudence and foresight and industry which it was metaphysically possible for human beings to use, and a degree of heavenly patience and gentleness of conduct, which were quite astonishing under the circumstances, had brought her daughter and herself to the very verge of ruin.

"But I ought to ask your pardon, Signor," she said when the torrent had flowed by, "for troubling you about our grievances—but you and the good cavalier are so compassionate, that it encourages one to be overbold. You must find the cavalier an excellent master, Signor."

"The kindest in the world."

"He is rich too, I doubt not?"

Le Jay nodded his head in assent.



“ Long may he live to enjoy it, and happy were it for the world, if all the rich were inclined to make as good an use of their wealth. B'ut, my poor head! I had forgot. You told me that the cavalier had entrusted you with a private message. Will it please you to step this way for a moment ?”

She led the way to a small gate, and Le Jay followed her into a little garden, where, now sufficiently master of the ground on which he trod, he proceeded to unfold his preposition. The poor woman, though no saint, was honest, and when she was made to understand the views of the profligate messenger, was for some moments really horror-stricken. The thought of extricating herself from her distresses by delivering her daughter up to infamy, had in her moments of wildest impatience, never yet entered her imagination. Rage first, then grief rendered her incapable of uttering her thoughts with any coherence, and for a long time both feelings alternately governed her mind and speech. Le Lay however, though somewhat stunned by the first burst of indignation, had his confidence in some degree, restored by observing that her reproaches

were vented with a degree of superfluous vehemence, and that in the tumult of her anger, the simple process which he at first expected at every instant, of showing him to the other side of the gate, seemed totally to have escaped her recollection. Accordingly, he awaited in apparent humility, the passing of the storm, and suffered the old lady to exhaust the whole stock of invective, without attempting to interpose a word by way of apology.

“Alas,” she continued, as her passion gradually subsided into grief—“there was a time, when I could not be insulted—but there is no one to stand up for the poor widow. Ah, villain, that thou art, if my poor Fornaso Pacheco were alive, he would teach thee to come of such errands to this house—but well thou knowest that he is where my voice cannot reach him, or thou durst not for thine head, have spoken so.

The artful emissary, did not think it prudent to make any reply.

“But I will see whether there is justice to be had in your camp,” said Francesca, “the Admiral shall hear of it.”

“The Admiral?” Le Jay exclaimed with a careless laugh, “you know not who my master is Signora, when you menace him with the ‘displeasure of the Admiral?”

“And who may he be then, Signor Impudence?”

The écuyer mentioned the name of the knight, and had the satisfaction to observe that it produced its full effect upon the mind of the angry widow.

“What! *he*?” she exclaimed, “*he* send thee on such an errand? Impossible!”

“Thou wilt find it true, however.”

“Why they say, he has more of the monk about him, than the soldier, although he be as brave a knight as ever mounted steed. Thou wilt never persuade me that *he* gave thee such a commission. He bears too high and too fair a name to soil it with such a deed as this. They say he is a very father to the poor, and will go disguised about the streets in his own country in order to discover those who are ashamed to beg, and to scatter his gold amongst them without being recognised.”

“They may say what they will Signora, and thou

mayest imagine what thou wilt, but I assure thee it was he and no other who spoke with thee in this cottage some days since, and who this day commissioned me to make on his behalf a proposal, which any rational mother in Europe would have received as one of the highest honours which fortune could bestow."

Francesca paused. Had the tempter been less estimable, she would in all probability have continued to spurn the guilty proposition of his ambassador, but the high reputation of the Chevalier effected what all the arts of a known profligate might have failed to accomplish. The horror of the offence became diminished to her eyes, when she found it recommended by so admirable an example. She did, not, however think it proper immediately, to allow the alteration in her sentiments to become apparent. She contented herself for the present, with uttering a new volley of reproaches in a somewhat less angry tone, and expressing her determination to ascertain, without loss of time whether the unprincipled écuyer were not audaciously calumniating one of the noblest and most exemplary knights in Christendom. Le Jay took his

departure, it being understood that he was to return on the following day, merely for the purpose of ascertaining whether Francesea had satisfied herself as to the truth of his mission, and Francesca consenting to allow him another interview with the same harmless object.

## CHAPTER III.

In the mean time Rosalia was busy spinning in the cottage. She was timing the movement of the wheel with the low hum of her own voice, (for it was only in Francesco's presence that she ever felt unhappy or uncomfortable,) when a knocking at the door attracted her attention. She opened it and beheld Jacopo Pachiole. Rosalia received him with a modest joy, yet not without an expression of fear and embarrassment on her features.

"Is it thou, indeed, Jacopo? I did not think we should have seen thee so soon?"

"Why, since you would not come to visit me, Rosalia, I came to visit you. But you look embarrassed and perplexed; what is the cause of it?"

“Oh Jacopo, I am afraid to tell thee—I am afraid to think of my mother returning and finding thee here.”

“*Here?* Why it is not the first time she has found me here Rosalia.”

“No, surely; but I know not how it is, she is greatly altered of late. I believe it is the war and our continued difficulties, that have disturbed her mind, but it is not a quarter of an hour since she spoke so terribly to me for having staid to hear from Maria, that you had arrived.”

“Oh that is nothing. We shall be very good friends when we meet, notwithstanding.”

“But she said more than I wish to repeat to you, and not at all passionately. She spoke very seriously about our distresses and our poverty and—”

“I doubt it not—I doubt it not—you know it is her way. Let us talk of something more agreeable for the present. You have not asked me a word about my journey to Milan. See, I have brought you a remembrance of my travels.”

“What a beautiful medal!” exclaimed Rosalia,

gazing with a naive expression of admiration on the figure of the Madonna and child which were represented in low relief upon the little trinket. "It is very kind of you to procure it for me.

While she was placing it around her neck, Francesca entered, full of the conversation which had passed between herself and the écuyer. The sight of Jacopo Pecchioli in her present mood, was by no means the most agreeable on which it was possible for her eye to rest. Accordingly there was abundance of coolness in her manner, as she returned his plain and friendly greeting. A significant look sent Rosalia to her sleeping room, when her mother, whose mind was every moment becoming more and more determined with respect to the course she should pursue, prepared to unfold to Jacopo as much of her views as it was necessary he should be made acquainted with.

"So Jacopo, you have returned from Milan."

"Yes, signora, and with good news."

"Indeed?"

"I have been entirely successful."

"Well, for your sake Jacopo, I am glad to hear it."



“I have brought you a little token of friendship,” said Jacopo, unfolding a gaily coloured head dress, “which I hope you will do me the favour to accept.”

Francesca, who was exceedingly fond of dress, was for a moment dazzled with the beauty of the gift and returned thanks for it, in her most gracious manner. When the first burst of admiration, however, had subsided, her gravity returned, and she listened with a cold and somewhat formal attention to Jacopo’s account of his adventures in Milan,

“Well Jacopo,” she said when he had ended, “I am very glad that you have succeeded, but affairs have taken such a turn of late, that I fear we had better look upon this business as entirely at an end.”

“At an end!” Jacopo repeated with a look of perplexity—“I do not understand you.”

“I mean to say, Jacopo, that I have, and always had, as you well know, a very great esteem and regard for you, but circumstances are strangely altered, Nothing indeed would give me greater happiness than to see you and Rosalia happy together—but I fear it cannot be, There are too many difficulties in the way,

We have enough to struggle with already without adding new embarrassments to the old,"

Jacopo immediately proceeded to combat the fears of the widow with all the energy which might be expected from him, in a case which so closely involved his own prospects of happiness in life, but he was arguing against a predetermined mind. Francesca heard him to the end, shaking her head at every sentence and now and then replying to his projected schemes of happiness and comfort by a groan of incredulity. When he had done, she repeated what she had already said as to the necessity of breaking off the union, without thinking it expedient to bring forward any fresh argument, or to show the insufficiency of those which Jacopo had advanced,

"Jacopo," she said, all this is very fine, and you perceive that I have listened to you with all the patience which you could desire, but it does not convince me. They are all dreams on which no dependance is to be placed, and the sooner you dismiss them from your mind altogether, the better for your own peace, for, once for all, I tell you this union never can take place."

“Never can take place?” exclaimed Jacopo. “Dismiss it from my mind! How easily you talk! That hope or dream, if you will have it so, which has supported and encouraged me in every effort I have been making since I was capable of making any. Do you tell me now that it is never to take place?”

“Never, Jacopo, I have made up my mind upon it and I am determined that it never shall,”

“You are determined! Then it is merely a resolution of your own which is to be executed with or without reason.”

“It is my resolution, Jacopo, and your rudeness and violence shall not hinder me from carrying it into effect,”

“And you have resolved on this?”

“I am resolved,”

“Then I can tell you that I never will assent to forego our positive engagement,” cried Jacopo passionately. “I know not what new plan or schemes may have entered your head during my absence at Milan, but I promise you I never will be a party to them.”

“Go on—say what you please, Jacopo! be as rude

as you will; I am all patience. I can be calm," she continued in a loud and shrilly voice, while her frame trembled with emotion, "but you will find that I can be firm as well as cool." And she concluded by striking the ground violently with her cane in illustration of what she said.

"And you will find," said Jacopo, "that I can be equally resolute on my side. I have your promise and I will see whether engagements of this kind are to be made and broken at will. The whole neighbourhood shall hear of it,"

"Go on, you know the whole neighbourhood is aware already that there is not so passionate a man in Milan, but I can tell you your passion shall not terrify me. I am a poor unprotected widow," she continued in a loud and furious tone, which did not sound like that of a person who stood much in need of protection, "but your violence shall not compel me to deliver up my orphan child to misery and want in the very morning of her days. There is no use in your looking so furiously at me; you may strike and kill me if you please, but you shall not shake my resolution."

Jacopo made no reply, Moved as he was, he saw the folly of adding anything further to what he had already said, while Francesca continued in her present mood. It was plain enough that some new project was at the botton of this sudden alteration, but what it might be he found it impossible to conjecture. Discovering therefore at length that he was nothing the gainer for his vehemence, he wisely chose the part of silence, and shortly after took his departure from the cottage in a condition of mind very different from that in which he had entered it.

When he had gone, Francesca once more summoned her daughter from her sleeping room. The latter had heard high words passing outside, but knew nothing of their import, The very sound however had something about it of ill omen. Accordingly she appeared now before her parent with a fearful and downcast look, like one who is endeavouring to prepare for unwelcome news.

“Schemes and plans indeed!” Francesca exclaimed walking to and fro with an impatient air! “this is your work, young impudence! This comes of the

encouragement which you are so ready to give to anybody that chooses to gratify his spleen on your aged mother. What business had you encouraging this beggarly Jacopo about the house? Answer me!"

"Surely, mother, I never gave him the least encouragement that was not in compliance with your own wishes."

Now there is nothing which a person of an overbearing temper dislikes so much as to be answered by one of his, or her victims, more especially, if that answer be so perfectly in accordance with truth and reason, as to leave no possibility of reply. The common resource in such cases is to fly into an extravagant passion, so as to make up in fury, what is wanted in argument, and this resource Francesca now used in its perfection, by heaping such a quantity of abuse on her daughter, as the latter had never even heard of in the whole course of her life. From the seven capital or deadly sins, down to the sins which cry to heaven for vengeance, there was scarce a shade of iniquity, the guilt of which, either direct or indirect, her eloquent parent did not impute to her.

“And now” she added at the close of her oration, “I have but one piece of information to give you. Never let me hear you speak of this Jacopo more.”

Rosalia looked astonished.

“Well? have I three heads on me? I tell you, he must be a stranger here in future. To say nothing of his violent and overbearing disposition, to which in conscience I could not entrust your future happiness, his poverty alone is a sufficient obstacle to the union which he seeks.”

“But, my dear mother, is it not now too late to think of this? Should it not have been spoken of, at least, before Jacopo’s journey to Milan?”

“Better late than never.”

“Yes—if not too late—but too late and never are alike. It is surely too late after our solemn promise is engaged to the contrary.”

“Circumstances are altered, and more seriously than you are aware of.”

“But do you consider, dear mother? The very day was fixed. The whole neighbourhood look upon it as a thing already performed. Why it is not more

than two days to that which was named for the ceremony. What will be thought of it? What will be said of us?"

"It well becomes you, madam modesty, to show so much vivacity upon the subject, I think it might be just as decorous, if you would leave the arrangement of such affairs as this to your elders. I tell you it is not to be; let that suffice. In three days hence you and I must leave this cottage, and be cast as beggars upon the world, unless before that time we can amass a sufficient sum to pay the three hundred florins which we owe to Andrew Bartelo, now so many years. Where we are to get it, heaven knows! Certainly not out of Jacopo Pecchioli's coffers."

There was a silence of some minutes, which was broken by Francesca.

"There is one way, indeed, of safety still remaining to us, which if I were blest as other mothers are with a daughter, capable of using her reason, might be employed effectually even now."

"If it be anything that depends on me, as you seem to intimate———" Rosalia said with an enquiring look.



“It does depend on you—unfortunately,” replied her mother, “if it were not so, I would have better hope of its success.”

“What is it mother?”

“Do you remember the noble Chevalier, who did us the honour to accept a drink of water from our hands the other day in the cottage?”

“I do, very well, I have seldom seen a countenance so full of goodness and condescension.”

“Well there is no accounting for the tastes of great folks. That same Chevalier, who is one of the wealthiest and most celebrated knights in all Europe, has taken it into his head to entertain a fancy for your own dutiful self, and has actually condescended to speak of sharing his riches and his honours with you, when the loftiest ladies in his own or any other country might justly think themselves honoured by his hand.”

“Me? With me, mother?” Rosalia exclaimed with a mixture of simplicity and alarm, “surely this must be a mistake. There was good sense in every thing he looked and said and did. It is surely impossible that he could think of making a poor vulgar

country girl his bride even if she were free to accept such an honour."

"Umph!" ejaculated Francesca, hesitating as she felt the disclosure approach a climax.

"Some unthinking person has been making himself merry with you, mother," resumed Rosalia, "this is too ridiculous an idea to carry any probability with it."

"You mistake the matter, Rosalia. It was not by making you his bride as you imagine, that the noble Chevalier deigned to admit you to a share in his wealth and happiness."

"In what way was it, then?"

Francesca having already surmounted the difficulties which presented themselves in her own mind, to the fulfilment of what was now become her own scheme, had little further hesitation in laying it plainly before her daughter, whose mind she was accustomed to mould and govern as she pleased. She was aware, however, that with all Rosalia's docility and simplicity of character, there were points of right and wrong on which she was intuitively clear-sighted, and on which

she could be resolute; so that it was not without a considerable misgiving as to the success of her own powers of persuasion in the present instance that she unfolded the plot of infamy which had been woven for her ruin. Rosalia listened with a look of amazement and naive horror, which did not give much encouragement to the speaker.

“And now,” Francesca added, in concluding her statement, “you have heard the whole, and are at liberty to form your own decision. You know how we have lived for years—we have never known what it was to possess abundance, even for a single day—and many a day have I risen in the morning without knowing where we should turn to procure even so much food as might enable us to subsist until evening. Must we consume all our days in the same miserable uncertainty? We have no rich friends to relieve us with their money,—nor poor ones to assist us with their labour. Yet what we have hitherto endured, is prosperity itself in comparison with the destitution we shall suffer within the next few days. All this it is in your power to avert from us if you desire it.”

The principal sentiment which had filled Rosalia's mind since first her mother had unfolded her criminal wishes, was that of surprise and grief at the change which misfortune had wrought in the feelings of the latter. She could hardly imagine it possible, that Francesca, before whom she had never dared to commit the slightest fault without well grounded terror, could now be herself the person deliberately to propose to her a crime at the thought of which she shuddered.

“Well what is your answer? Will you do as I desire?”

“Surely mother you are not serious.” Rosalia answered, gently, but firmly—“certainly not. If there be no other course than this, to save us from destitution, then welcome be it, and death, or worse if it should happen to us.”

“I know the cause of this,” cried Francesca, bursting into rage—“but I tell you it shall not succeed with you. I see through all your cunning, but your arts shall not impose on me, I will baffle your designs, be sure of it.”

“What designs, mother? I solemnly declare,” said Rosalia calmly, yet with a crimsoned countenance and laying her open hand upon her bosom. “I have not a thought or wish in my heart in refusing to obey you, but the dread of disobeying heaven.”

“It is a falsehood!” cried her mother, “and you know it is, you care not what becomes of me, because you know, as soon as we are turned adrift on the world you are sure of a home with Jacopo Pecchioli, which would be denied to me, and which I would not accept if it were offered.”

Rosalia attempted to fling herself upon her mother's neck, and assure her of her affectionate fidelity, but the latter rudely repelled her. Clasp<sup>ing</sup> Francesca's hand and kissing it repeatedly with a burst of tears, she addressed her with a fervour so unusual, that her mother, taken somewhat by surprise, listened in silence.

“Dear mother, will you never know me? Will you never know your child? How could you think me capable of so much baseness? Do you suppose, whatever becomes of us, that I would ever act so un-

grateful, so unnatural a part as to forsake you in your sorrow? I would deserve to be myself forsaken by heaven, if I did so. No, indeed, let your fate be what it may, I am resolved to share it, and I now solemnly promise you that I never will be the wife of Jacopo Pecchioli, nor of any one else, without your full and free consent."

"Then if you can be so far reasonable," said Francesca, somewhat softened, "why will you refuse to be so altogether? To what purpose your offering to share my wretchedness? It were more to the point if you would promise to relieve it in the manner I tell you."

"Mother, do not deceive yourself on that subject. You give me pain, without prevailing in the least. As solemnly as I have promised you that I will never fulfil my engagement to Jacopo, without your consent, so solemnly do I declare to you that I will never for an instant even entertain the thought of obeying you in this?"

"Then quit my house while it is mine!" cried Francesca, bursting with redoubled fury. "Out!"

tramp! Begone! Do you hear me? and this instant too. I tell you now that whatever the consequence to myself may be, if you will not obey me in this, you never shall know me more. You may go where you will, but it must be apart from me—”

“Mother!”—

“Do you wish me to swear it? It is as certain to you as if it were already sworn. I know well what misery awaits me, but I will not give you the satisfaction of beholding it.

“What dreadful words, dear mother! What fearful thoughts!”

“Therefore make your choice at once. Either say you will be guided by my wishes, or there is the door! You must declare either for the one or the other.”

“Mother,” Rosalia said weeping, “do but consider for a moment. Is it possible that I hear you commanding me to break the positive law of heaven, which I first heard from your own lips?”

“What business have you to ask such questions, madam pert? Do you think the noble Chevalier himself does not know what is lawful or honourable, a

thousand times better than poor ignorant country-folks like us, who have hardly learning enough to see our way an inch beyond our noses."

"The Chevalier? Who is he then?" Rosalia asked.

Francesca named him.

"*He!*" exclaimed the astonished Rosalia clasping her hands with a start of surprise. "*He* send such a message! What! the gallant, the chivalrous, the heroic Chevalier! The protector of the oppressed—the ready and the tender friend of the widow and the orphan? the very mirror of chivalry! The glory and the boast of France—of—Europe, he, of whom all tongues speak nought, but eulogy, who is blessed when he is named even by the hearts and lips of his enemies; The heroic Chevalier! He, who ever on the field of battle is more the angel of mercy, than of death! On whom kings rest for aid, and of whose glorious name even the Church herself is proud! He seek to lay snares in the path of the lowly, and to urge a poor friendless girl to trample on the holy law of heaven, and on the first grace of her own nature! *He* send



this message? Impossible! Some vile impostor, some dastard, envious of his glory, has assumed his name for the purpose of debasing what he could not rival."

"I tell you it is *he*." Francesca insisted with vehemence. "It is not an hour since his messenger spoke with me upon the subject."

"Then if it be," said Rosalia, "it behoves us the more to tremble for ourselves. No, mother, once for all, I will never hear more of this even from you."

"Then quit my house,!" exclaimed her mother again rising into fury—"if you can be obstinate, so can I."

"Do not speak so cruelly, dear mother! Ask anything you will but this."

"I ask nothing from you, impudence! I desire nothing from you. I desire to have nothing to say or do with you. But hear me now. In consideration of all the pains I have wasted on you from your cradle, and in consideration of my own affection for you, unworthy as you are of such a sentiment, I leave you this one night to consider of what I have said. This night you can remain and sleep in your room, but if I find you not more reasonable, when we meet to-mor-

row morning, your head and mine shall never rest a night again beneath the same roof. This is sure to you as the sunrise, so think well upon the matter to night, I recommend to you."

So saying and violently rejecting the proffered parting caress of her daughter, she withdrew to her own room. Rosalia returned at the same time to spend a night of agony, such as she had never felt in her life before.

## CHAPTER IV.

IN the morning Rosalia was up with the dawn, determined to go and make the whole transaction known to her confessor, a friar of great repute in her neighbourhood. Making as little noise as possible, lest her mother should awake, she fastened on her simple walking dress, and opening the cottage door, and as softly closing it behind her, she hurried across the fields in the direction of the convent of San Ambrosia. Waiting until the gate was opened, for it was scarce yet broad day when she arrived there, she asked to speak with Father Paolo. The porter who was her relative, procured her admission, and she soon found herself in the presence of the reverend father.

Father Paolo, though one of the most esteemed was by no means looked upon as one of the most learned brothers of the community of San Ambrosia. He had embraced his present vocation late in life, consequently without having sufficient time to make himself master of a greater extent of erudition than was barely sufficient to enable him to execute its ordinary functions. He had however what was of much more value to him than a mere acquaintance with books, an intuitive insight into the heart, which enabled him to discover, as if instinctively, the true remedy for the various disorders of the mind and of the passions with which it was his province to deal. When Rosalia entered, he was engaged in pacing to and fro reading a portion of his daily office. He observed the change, which anxiety and want of sleep (for she had not closed an eye throughout the night) had wrought in her appearance. Returning her low courtesy by a slight inclination of the head, he continued to walk to and fro reading in a low voice until his task was concluded. He then laid aside the book and enquired her business. When she had told him all, he said :

“Well, surely there seems no difficulty in this. You could not have acted otherwise than you have done.”

“But what is to become of me?” Rosalia said with a deplorable look, “I know not where to turn.”

“Oh! your mother will not actually do what she has threatened.”

“Ah, but she will, I am sure,” said Rosalia, “I never knew her to fail in executing what she resolved to do in that manner.”

“Why then, my child, Heaven must be your friend for you cannot have a second thought about the course you are to take. And Heaven *will* be your friend, no doubt, since you are ready to suffer for its sake.”

“I dread the very thought of returning home,” said Rosalia weeping, “it is strange to me that a person who bears so high a reputation as the Chevalier could bring himself to occasion so much misery to poor beings who never injured him.”

“The Chevalier?” repeated Father Paolo, “what Chevalier do you speak of?”

Rosalia named him, with some hesitation.

“*He!*” exclaimed the clergyman with a look of surprise and doubt. “Do you mean to say that *he* is the person who has made this proposal?”

“I fear to say it,” replied Rosalia, “yet not because I doubt of its being true, but in imputing evil to such a name as his even on the clearest grounds, I feel as if I were committing some unpardonable offence.”

“Father Paolo paused, and then said:

“And have you those clear grounds for judging that it was he who sent the message?”

Rosalia hesitated for some moments and then replied, “I believe I have—I am convinced that it was he.”

The friar lifted his hands and eyes in silence for a moment.

“Alas!” he said, “how seldom is it that even the best and purest virtue on earth, is wholly free from stain! O War! thou hast other evils beside those which threaten human life and health!”

After reflecting for some time, in silence, he turned to where Rosalia stood, and said to her:

“I have been thinking of what is best for you to do, and my advice is that you go back without delay to

your mother's cottage. She will probably urge you again upon this subject, and do, you say nothing against her wishes, but content yourself with expressing your willingness to go to the Chevalier with his messenger when he shall arrive—”

Rosalia used a gesture of surprise.

“Fear not to do as I direct. This will satisfy her for the present, and save you from further annoyance on her part. When the messenger comes return with him—”

“Go with him, father!”

“Go with him to the Chevalier—I know his character—he may be frail, as we all are—but he is not wicked—tell him your whole story simply and briefly as you have told it to me, and trust to Heaven for the event. Have you courage to act as I advise.”

“I will do it,” said Rosalia, “if you think it the best course.”

The friar returned to his occupations, and Rosalia to her mother's cottage. The latter was delighted at the change which she found in her daughter, and for the first time in her life overwhelmed her with praise. Le

Jay did not fail to present himself at the appointed hour, when all arrangements were speedily brought to a conclusion, and Rosalia prepared to go with him to the camp.

In the meantime mischief had been brewing in another quarter. After parting with Francesca in the unpleasant manner already related, Jacopo returned to his house, perplexed to think what could be the cause of this sudden alteration which had taken place in the intentions of Francesca. Now it happened that he communicated his perplexity to a neighbour who was a near relative, and one of the most notorious [busy bodies in the parish. This venerable personage had been, for some time before Jacopo spoke with her, perplexed in no slight degree upon her own account, and with her eye out on all sides in search of an elucidation. She had been present when the Chevalier and his écuyer first entered the cottage of Francesca, and although she was in the act of departing, having actually bidden her farewell when they approached, she loitered long enough to observe that they had made a more prolonged visit than could be necessary for any



ordinary purpose in her power to conjecture. As this good lady's thirst for information was comprehensive enough to include all kinds of affairs in her vicinity, embracing the most important, and not rejecting the most insignificant, at one time aspiring to an insight into the bishop's household, and at another not disdaining to watch the movements of the humblest peasant girl who had a character to be destroyed, she did not fail now to brood long and deeply over all the possible causes of this mysterious visit. Like most persons who are gifted with a similar zeal for science, her conjectures did not always put the most charitable interpretation on what she heard and saw. The first conclusion therefore which she came to in the present case, was, that this was not the first visit of the knightly stranger to her humble neighbours. It was but an easy step from thence to the motives of the parties concerned, and having once set it down that the chevalier was a frequent visitor of Francesca and her daughter, Dame Arabella Cari became suddenly inflamed with a violent zeal for the welfare of her poor friends, and with restless alarms for their reputation.

Having no important business of her own to divert her attention from that of any neighbour in whose affairs she was kind enough to take an interest, this worthy lady spent the whole of the day and most part of a sleepless night in devising some means of rescuing her poor infatuated friends from the gulf which she saw opening at their feet, or of delivering them out of it, if, as was alas, but too probable, they had already fallen. That they were already guilty, she had indeed no doubt remaining. The case was but too plain; yet she was too charitable to abandon them, without an effort, to utter ruin. Their reputation was yet untouched, and she kindly resolved to take it forthwith exclusively into her own patronage. Besides, there was poor Jacopo! He must not be suffered to run blindfold into the snare which was laid for him.

He would have been a dexterous thief who could enter Francesca's house at any time during the succeeding week, unobserved by the vigilant eyes of Arabella Cari. Accordingly Le Jay did not escape her notice, either on his first or second visit, nor was she without forming her conjectures on the nature of the

conversation which passed between him and Francesca during their long interview in the garden. It was when she had brought the train of discovery so far, that Jacopo made her acquainted with the scene which had passed between Francesca and himself, and the menace she had thrown out, for he could not yet bring himself to look upon it as anything more, of breaking off the intended union. All that he said was too complete a verification of her own suspicions to allow her to continue to entertain the slightest shade of doubt. Accordingly it became her duty to place the poor deluded Jacopo upon his guard, but as no one dissected a reputation with greater tenderness than herself, she resolved to introduce the subject with caution.

“Ah, my poor Jacopo,” she said, “I wish you had not gone to Milan.”

“Why do you say so?”

“I do not like to tell you. I am afraid of making you uneasy.”

“I am uneasy already, heaven knows,” said Jacopo.

“That is true indeed—you seem so—and besides there are cases when one’s feelings must be put en-

tirely out of the question. It is painful to me to speak what I know, particularly where it has the appearance of injuring another's character—but there are cases—I remember to have once heard a doctor of divinity say from the altar, that there are cases when it becomes a positive duty of charity to tell the evil one knows of one's neighbour when it is necessary in order to prevent injury to others—”

“For heaven's sake, Arabella, what do you mean?”

“Ah, there now, you are so vehement! That is what I feared. Nothing—I mean nothing—that is, I mean nothing which I think it would be prudent to tell while your passions are inflamed as they are at present. Heaven only knows what you might do if I were to tell you all I have seen. No; wait till you are cool, and we may speak upon the subject with greater safety.”

“I assure you, I am not in the least excited,” said Jacopo, “nor am I inclined to injure any one whatsoever. I am vexed indeed, and more than half mad with myself for letting my unfortunate temper run away with me when it would have been much more advisable to have held my peace.”

“ Well I am glad to hear you speak in that way, and indeed if I did not know how rational you can be when you please I would not venture to breathe a word to you of what has taken place in your absence, but found some other way of saving you from ruin. Nor would I even now for all the world utter a syllable of what I am going to say, to any other than yourself. Ah my dear Jacopo, this war! this war !”

“ What of it, Arabella ?”

“ Ah, the camp—the camp is such a school for wickedness !—and the French especially are of such a licentious turn !—The best of us, Jacopo, are open to temptation. Even Lucifer, the brightest—”

“ For pity’s sake, cousin, confine your thoughts to the world we are in for the present, and do not torment me by holding me any longer in suspense.”

“ Well then, since you desire it so earnestly. Francesca and Rosalia have made a new acquaintance in your absence.”

“ Indeed ?”

“ Yes, and a great one too. One of the leading officers of the French camp.”

“Do you know who he is?”

“I do, for I made it my business to ascertain as soon as I discovered on what an intimate footing he was at Francesca’s cottage. I went to the camp myself on pretence of selling fruit, and I was not long in learning his name and that of his écuyer, who accompanied him.”

“And what was his name?”

Arabella told him.

“Umph!” said Jacopo emphatically. “And how often now might he have visited at the cottage in my absence?”

“Why, I positively *know*—but of—once.” said the informant hesitating, “I did not actually *see* him come oftener; but you know there can be no doubt he *did* so.”

“Umph!” ejaculated the hearer once again. “And this is all?”

“All?” exclaimed Arabella with a look of disappointment, “is it not enough?”

“Poh, poh, it is too ridiculous.”

“Ridiculous indeed?” ridiculous? Very well; is

it ridiculous to have a nobleman of his degree enter the cottage of a poor widow and her daughter, in that suspicious manner? What could he want there?"

"Poh, poh; a drink of water, in all likelihood."

"Umph; very good; a drink of water. Was it a drink of water that kept him a good half hour within? Was it a drink of water his servant wanted there in so many days after? Was it for a drink of water he went] into the garden with Francesca, and remained there for more than an hour? Was there not as good water at any other cottage on the way, as at Francesca's?"

"My good Arabella, you are too suspicious, and the extravagance of your surmises has effectually cured me of my own resentment. Good bye to you. If this was all you had to tell me, there was no necessity for so much charitable hesitation as you showed in making it known."

"But Jacopo—"

"Teach your eyes and your ears a little charity, cousin. Neither the one nor the other will be a whit the less sharp for it. Farewell?"

“ But Jacopo—”

He hurried off, leaving his busy relative not a little disappointed at the effect of her awful communication. Whatever doubts Arabella might have been willing to entertain before, as to the amount of criminality already contracted by her neighbours, her own reputation for sagacity, was now interested in the reality of their guilt, and accordingly she redoubled all her vigilance to place it beyond question.

She was not disappointed in her aim. On the following day she saw Le Jay return to the cottage. He entered, remained for a considerable time, and then re-appeared, followed by a figure which Arabella had no difficulty in recognizing. It was Rosalia. The downcast head, the timid motion, the features closely hidden, all spoke to the active mind of the observer, of guilt resolved upon, and shame not wholly yet dismissed. She waited but to see them take the road which led to the camp, and hurried away brimful of her tidings, to Jacopo Pecchioli's cottage. Beckoning him to follow her to a little distance from the house she looked in his countenance for a moment with an air of ill-suppressed triumph.



“Well,” she said, “I am too suspicious, am I?”

“Have you seen anything further then?”

“Have I *not* seen it? Have I not seen your mirror of perfection in the act of setting out for the camp in company with this disinterested admirer of Francesca’s cold spring water? Eh? Perhaps the Chevalier has taken such a fancy to it, [that she is carrying him a pitcher full to his tent.”

“What do you tell me?” exclaimed Jacopo, his doubts for the time really aroused. “Did you see Rosalia going to the camp?”

“Oh, it is impossible—I am too suspicious—if I were to sharpen my eyes by teaching them a little charity, I might indeed have seen some such thing. But as you have such a charitable pair, so free from all the mists of suspicion, you can easily satisfy yourself by hastening across the fields, so as to meet them at the turn of the road.”

Without uttering a word in reply, Jacopo hurried away in the direction, indicated by the speaker.

“*Me* suspicious!” the latter exclaimed to herself as she gazed after him, *me* uncharitable! when the

whole neighbourhood knows that an excessive blindness to the faults of my acquaintances is one of my chief feelings. I wonder if he find this piece of information as ridiculous as the last. Me uncharitable! of all the people in Milan—me suspicious!”

Rosalia, in company with Le Jay, had just arrived at a turn in the road leading to the camp, when the former was startled by hearing her own name pronounced in a loud tone, and presently after Jacopo breathless and heated, sprung upon the road before her. Le Jay surveyed him with a supercilious air.

“Rosalia!” he exclaimed, “is it possible that I see you here?”

“It is Jacopo.”

“What are you doing? Where are you going? What are you about?”

“I do not wish to satisfy you now, Jacopo. Let me beg of you to let us pass and wait until I can do so.”

“But you must satisfy me—”

“*Must*——”

“I mean to say,” cried Jacopo, “that I cannot but have an answer, I cannot bear to see you in such company without knowing to what purpose it is.”

“As to her company, sirrah,” said Le Jay, “you will please to reserve any remarks upon that point until they are called for, and as the young woman does not seem to desire your conversation, you will do wisely by drawing aside, and allowing her to continue her journey at peace. Otherwise, I shall be compelled——”

“If you say a word,” exclaimed Jacopo, clenching his fist as he saw Le Jay lay a hand upon his sword hilt, “I will send you home to your master, with the making of four noses, besides the one you have already. You are a despicable fellow, beneath my notice, and you had better continue so, by remaining silent.”

“Jacopo——” Rosalia exclaimed in alarm.

“Insolent clown,” Le Jay exclaimed, grasping his sword hilt.

“Jacopo, I entreat of you! hear me, Jacopo!”

“I will not hear you,” cried Jacopo, passionately!  
“What business have you here, away from your mother’s cottage? Answer me that! What business has any modest girl walking alone with a strange man

so far from her home? and that stranger, a despicable——you would never walk alone with me, Rosalia——you were so modest and discreet, that I was often vexed with you, for an excess of it. Oh, Rosalia, is it possible? you! you!”

“But wont you hear me, Jacopo?”

“Come with me home, and I will hear you there.—There is no use in your talking now. I tell you I will not hear you——well, I will”

“Jacopo,” Rosalia said with a look of agony, “I wish I could make you understand what I feel at this moment. I cannot now explain to you the cause of your finding me here, but I entreat of you to say no more, but let me pass—do you doubt me—do you doubt my intentions?”

“I do not,” replied Jacopo, “but I know that clever people have been deceived. I know that you may be sacrificed with the best intentions in the world. Answer me one question. Are you not going to the camp? Do you hesitate to tell me?”

“Jacopo——”

“I tell you, you shall not go there—perhaps I know

more of what awaits you, than you do yourself. I know who sent for you, and to what purpose."

Jacopo, will you not trust me?"

"I will if I see you return, but if you *will* go, return me that medal which I gave you—you can have no use of that at the camp."

"Do not take it from me Jacopo."

"Will you return with me?"

"No."

"Then give it me at once."

Rosalia used a gesture of distress and perplexity. At this moment Le Jay, who notwithstanding the superiority his weapon gave him, did not care to trust his slight figure to the chance of a collision, with so burly a shape as that of the Milanese peasant, perceived a foraging party approaching them at some distance. Accordingly he suddenly became valiant.

"Give place, sirrah, this instant," he exclaimed, drawing his sword, "and let the young woman pass or take the consequences."

Without hesitating an instant Jacopo rushed upon him, armed as he was, and parrying with one hand an

irresolute thrust, which slightly grazed his arm, in the next moment he laid the écuyer on his back upon the ground. Setting one knee upon his breast, he strove to wrest from his grasp the sword which he still firmly held; Rosalia shrieked aloud; in the next moment some of the soldiers ran up and dragged Jacopo, heated, dusty, and bleeding, from the fallen écuyer whom he still regarded in silence with looks of disappointed passion. Some of the men were going to dispatch Jacopo on the spot, as a matter of course, when Rosalia rushed with outstretched arms and piercing cries of terror between him and the uplifted weapons.

“Don’t kill him—don’t kill the scoundrel,” cried Le Jay, arising from the earth, re-adjusting his disordered apparel, and wiping the dust from it with much *sang froid*, “don’t kill him—only bring him along—we shall find a question or two to put to him when he arrives at head quarters.”

“Villain,” said Jacopo, “if my voice can reach him your king shall hear of it. He did not enter the Milanese to gratify the ruffianly passions of his followers—or if he did, and he refuse me justice—then I say,

heaven speed the arms of the Confederates upon his rear."

"Hear the traitor!" cried Le Jay, "drag him along soldiers."

They resumed their journey to the camp. On reaching it, Jacopo was committed to the guard-room, while Le Jay conducted Rosalia to his own quarters until he should have an opportunity of making his master aware of her arrival.

## CHAPTER V.

WHEN Le Jay entered his master's tent, he found the latter engaged at chess with a brother officer. The appearance of the écuyer was enough to put an end to any interest which the Chevalier had hitherto taken in the game. Accordingly he suffered himself to be check-mated as speedily as he decently could, and allowed his visitor to depart without making any effort to detain him.

“Well, Le Jay, what news?”

“She is in the camp, my lord.”

“Indeed, and where?”

“I thought it prudent, my lord, that she should remain at my own quarters until I had apprized you of her arrival.”



“It was well done. Hasten now and devise some means of bringing her here with as little notice as possible.”

It is not necessary to say what thoughts divided the mind of the Chevalier, as he paced to and fro in his tent awaiting the return of Le Jay. In some time after the latter arrived, accompanied by Rosalia, wrapped in a military cloak. When Le Jay had retired the Chevalier approached Rosalia, and took her hand with a familiar boldness, which became him far less than the air of noble condescension which she had remarked on his first entering her mother's cottage. On removing the hood from her countenance, the Chevalier seemed astonished and perplexed to find her bathed in tears. He was embarrassed by her grief and her silence, and seemed for some time at a loss how to interpret it.

“What is the matter?” he asked at length, in an encouraging tone, “what is it terrifies you?”

“Ah, signor,” said Rosalia, “is it possible? I could not have believed it. Is it you indeed who sent for me?”

“Why do you ask, Rosalia? Do you repent of having come already?”

“ Oh, sir,” she exclaimed, clasping her hands and kneeling before him, with a convincing earnestness of manner, “ not all that this world could bestow would bring me here with my own will! But ever since your servant delivered your first message, my mother’s heart was changed. I have not known a moment’s peace since then. She has been urging me in the cruellest manner to do what my heart abhors—and at last enjoined me to come hither on pain of becoming an outcast for ever from her presence. I came then, signor, confiding in your mercy, in the character which you bear in all countries, to beg of you to have pity on yourself and me, and to desist from a pursuit that is bringing misery on a poor being who never injured you.”

The Chevalier had suffered her to kneel until this moment, surprised and touched by what she had said. He now raised her gently from the attitude of supplication, and said in a kind voice :

“ And you tell me then, Rosalia, that it was your mother forced you to come hither.”

“ Indeed, signor it was.”

“ What was her reason now, for urging you so strongly against your will.”

“Alas, signor,” replied Rosalia with a fresh burst of tears, “I know not unless it was our extreme poverty that must have drove her beside herself.”

“And you are so poor then,” said the Knight: “tell me all—conceal nothing of your circumstances from me.”

In compliance with this desire, Rosalia related all—the projected marriage—the poverty and distraction of her mother—the encounter on the road with Jacopo—all that was natural, with a simplicity and innocence of manner, that carried conviction with every sentence—

“—And I pray you, signor,” she added, “not to let this Jacopo suffer for what was solely occasioned by his love for me. I am sure he had not the least intention of injuring any one until his passions were roused by seeing me, as he thought, in manifest danger. He was indiscreet, but he never yet was malicious.”

“And you like this Jacopo, Rosalia?” asked the Knight.

“I—I--we were betrothed, my lord.”

“Where is he now?”

“I believe they keep him a prisoner in the guard room. I am very sorry, signor, that he affronted your servant.”

The Chevalier remained for some moments silent, and then advancing to where Rosalia stood, he took her hand and addressed her with as much delicacy as if he had been accosting one of the high born ladies of his sovereign's court :

“Fear nothing, Rosalia,” he said, “you shall have no cause to repent your confidence. Whatever sentiments I may have entertained towards you heretofore, I am not ashamed to acknowledge those which I feel at present. Your grace and your beauty attracted my admiration, and I believed I loved you, but I can judge by my present feelings how far I was from thinking of you as highly as you deserve. You have had proof sufficient of my weakness and my wickedness, but I am not wicked enough to rob you of a virtue which is so dear to you,”

Rosalia was about to sink at his feet, but the Chevalier prevented her.

“May your last end be happy, signor!” she said with tears, “I can wish you no greater blessing.”

“And now,” said the chevalier, “is there any female friend whom you wish to see before your return?”

Rosalia named the sister of Jacopo.

“Retire,” said he, for some time into that room, until she arrives. Fear nothing; no one shall intrude upon you there. For Jacopo, he must remain in the camp to-night, but no harm shall come to him.”

Rosalia entered a small division of the tent, and the Chevalier summoned Le Jay to his presence. When he appeared, the Knight looked fixedly in his countenance for some moments and said:

“Le Jay, you have deceived me in this matter, but no more of that. The offence was mine rather than yours. Go now to the cottage of Jacopo Pecchioli and bring Maria, his sister, hither. Tell Francesca likewise to come here early to-morrow morning.”

Le Jay executed his commission. Rosalia went with Maria Pecchioli to pass the night at the house of a relative of the latter. In the morning all had assembled at the tent of the Chevalier, when he ordered the prisoner to be brought before him.

Jacopo had passed a night of cruel perplexity. He

could not suspect Rosalia of acting wrong, but he was passionate, and her seeming want of confidence annoyed him. There was added to these causes of vexation, a misgiving of his own prudence in trusting so fully to Arabella, and a doubt that Rosalia after all might have had sufficient reasons for what seemed so extraordinary in her conduct. Unable, however, to arrive at any satisfactory conclusion, he continued in the same mood of resentment against all parties up to the moment when he was summoned to the presence of the Chevalier.

“So, young man,” said the Knight, “you have been apprehended in the act of assaulting one of his most Christian Majesty’s servants. I have brought your friends here in order to afford you an opportunity of bringing forward any evidence you may think useful in your defence.”

Jacopo looked round upon the assembly with astonishment, until his eye rested on Rosalia, who stood with her head drooping, in what might be a feeling either of modesty, or of conscious guilt. At first his bearing and his look, had been those of a person suf-

fering under gross injustice, and violently excited: but the sudden apparition of Rosalia, in that place, and the undefined expression of her attitude and countenance, appeared to give a new direction to his feelings. He covered his face with his hands, and gave vent to a silent flood of tears, in which many of the spectators shared. After some moments, he approached Rosalia with a look and action expressive of anxiety and tenderness.

“Rosalia!” he said in a voice tremulous with emotion, “will you for the sake of old times—for the sake of hopes that are now lost for ever—will you answer me one question?”

“What is it Jacopo?” Rosalia said, turning away her head, and speaking in accents that were almost inaudible.

“Why did you refuse to return with me last night?”

“You must recollect, young man,” said the Chevalier, “that you have first to answer the charge which is made against you.”

“Villain!” cried Jacopo, addressing the Chevalier

with a burst of passion, "you have the power to do evil, but that shall not prevent [my calling you by your right name. You talk of your King, but he shall hear of you. Do what you will with me, I care not; you have already done your worst. As to you," he said, addressing Rosalia, "the fault is more than half yours—had you returned with me yesterday, all this might have been prevented."

"What can you mean, Jacopo?" exclaimed his sister, "how can you address Rosalia and the Chevalier in such a manner?"

"Ask her," said Jacopo, "what was it that brought her to the camp?"

"The same which brought me," replied Maria, "we came together in obedience to the summons of the Chevalier."

"Together?" said Jacopo.

"Yes, this morning, we are not an hour arrived. She left the camp with me yesterday evening and returned with me this morning."

"And is she—is she innocent?" he asked, sinking his voice.



“Innocent? Of what?” exclaimed Maria.

Jacopo looked round with a bewildered air, until his glance rested on the Chevalier.

“She is, Jacopo,” said the latter, “rely on my sincerity, when I tell you that your mind on that subject may be perfectly at rest. At another and more fitting time you may hear all that has seemed perplexing to you in the conduct of Rosalia. For the present let it suffice to assure you in her presence, and in that of her respectable friends, that there is not the slightest foundation for the uneasiness you seem to feel.”

Jacopo gazed around him in astonishment. His thoughts now rushed to the other extreme, and he became as impetuous in gratitude as he was in resentment.

“If I have wronged you,” he said addressing the Chevalier, “and surely it is—it must be so; for who ever heard the name you bear, mentioned except in praise. I hope you will forgive me; but I was told tales, for which I thought good reason was shown why I should believe them, and I did so. I was told that—but it must be false; it is impossible so renowned a

knight, could act so wicked a part. I was too credulous, and I am ready to suffer any punishment which you may think my offence deserves."

"Rise, young man," said the Chevalier as Jacopo knelt before him, I do not merit the good opinion you have expressed of me—but in supposing that anything has happened, or is likely to happen that can make Rosalia less dear or less estimable to you, you err widely and most injuriously to her and to yourself. And now tell me, are you satisfied?"

"I am fully so," replied Jacopo, "I freely declare it."

"Then take her hand," said the Knight, "and be sure you have a treasure in it which many a sovereign might envy you."

"One moment, signor," said Rosalia, "I cannot consent to give Jacopo a hand which only yesterday I discovered he does not value. He refused to trust me, and demanded from me this medal," she added, taking it from her neck, "which I chiefly valued as a gift from himself. I did not like to give it to you then," she said, "because it might seem like acknowledging the

justice of your doubts ; but now I freely return it, and I hope you will find some person on whom you can bestow it, and what is of greater value, your confidence along with it."

"You have done enough in your own vindication Rosalia," said the Knight "to persist would be resentment and not dignity."

"Then, signor," replied Rosalia, with a modest hesitation, "since I must not return it to the giver, Jacopo will forgive me if I bestow it where it is better deserved than by either of us. I am poor, my lord," she said addressing the Chevalier with a smile, "and have little more than thanks to offer you; but you have given happiness this morning to many hearts—Will it please you to accept this humble remembrance in return?"

So saying she placed the medal on the neck of the Chevalier, with a grace and modesty which charmed the beholders. The eyes of the warrior glistened as he raised the medal to his lips. Without making any reply, he directed all to withdraw except Francesca whose feelings were not the most enviable when she found herself alone with the Chevalier.

“And now,” he said with a look and tone of unusual severity, “in what way shall we speak of your conduct on this occasion? If you have anything to say, which can palliate it, I am willing to hear you, for to me your behaviour, considering the character of your daughter, seems to have been something worse than censurable.”

“Alas, signor,” exclaimed Francesca, kneeling at his feet, “I can only offer our poverty as my apology. We were on the brink of ruin, and I thought you so good and so renowned a cavalier—”

“You are right,” replied the knight, “the offence began with me. Tell me now how much is the debt which you have to pay.”

“Six hundred florins, Signor—Indeed it is a sum—”

“There,” said the knight handing her a purse, “you will find in that two hundred crowns which are more than sufficient to pay your debt. The remainder will serve to purchase a dress for the bride. Here are a hundred crowns more for a wedding portion, and now the sooner this marriage is concluded the better. Not a word more!” he exclaimed, as Fran-

cesca, with expanded arms, was about to burst forth into a torrent of gratitude, "let all return hither, Le Jay!"

The écuyer appeared, and in compliance with his master's desire, summoned the whole party into the presence of the Chevalier.

"My good friends," he said, "all now I hope is happily arranged, and we may bid each other farewell without ill feelings on either side. Jacopo, your honesty will never suffer if you learn to abate something of your vehemence. Le Jay at my request will I am sure think no more of what has passed."

Le Jay answered by a low bow, delighted that he had anything to forgive in a case, where the odds were so much against him.

"For you, Rosalia," continued the knight, "I thank you for your gift." He pressed her hand. "Farewell,—and sometimes in your prayers remember the poor Chevalier Bayard."

"It is not said how long after the event just detailed, the Chevalier received his death-wound in one of those fatal skirmishes with the army of the Con-

federates, which attended the retreat of the French troops. But as he sat bleeding on the ground, his back placed against a tree, and his face according to his own directions, turned towards the enemy, with no other companion remaining than his écuyer, it may be supposed that the remembrance of this morning, was not the least consoling, which presented itself to the mind of the dying hero.

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The third juryman having concluded his story, which was listened to with much attention, there was a general call for the song, with which after a few moments recollection, he complied as follows :—

## I.

Oh, weeds will haunt the loveliest scene,  
The summer sun can see,  
And clouds will sometimes rise between,  
The truest friends that be !  
And thoughts unkind may come perchance,  
And haply words of blame,  
For pride is man's inheritance,  
And frailty is his name.

## II.

Yet while I tread this leafy vale,  
    That nursed thine infancy,  
And hear in every passing gale,  
    A whispered sound of thee.  
My nighted bosom wakes anew,  
    To feeling's genial ray,  
And each dark mist on memory's view  
    Melts into light away.

## III.

The flowers that deck this shaded spot,  
    Low, lovely and obscure,  
Were like the joys thy friendship brought,  
    Delicious, calm and pure.  
Now faded is their genial glow,  
    And changed their simple hue,  
Ah! must it e'er be mine to know,  
    Their type is faded too!

## IV.

Yet should those well remembered hours,  
    Return to me no more,  
And like those cull'd and faded flowers,  
    Their day of life be o'er.  
In memory's fragrant shrine conceal'd,  
    A sweeter scent they give,  
Than aught the world again can yield,  
    Or I again receive.

It was admitted by all present, that the third juror had fulfilled all the conditions of the common agreement without rendering himself liable to any demand on his purse. The call next passed to the fourth juror, who after some hesitation took from his lips the cigar with which he had been regaling himself, and after indulging in a preliminary draught of the generous ale which stood beside him commenced the following narrative.



# THE FOURTH JURYMAN'S TALE

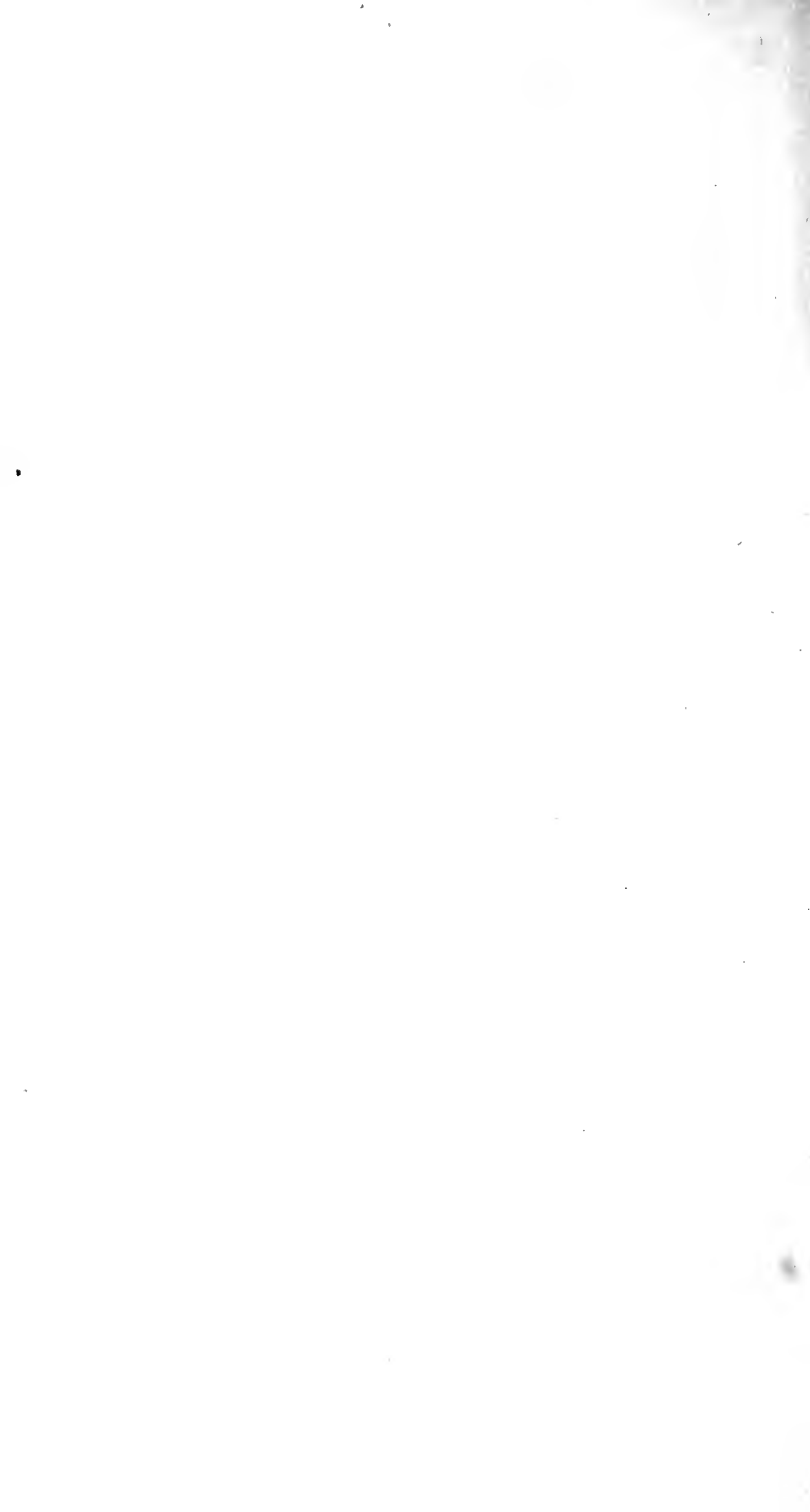
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## THE MISTAKE.

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“ Tell. why the sepulchre,  
Wherein we saw thee quietly inurned  
Hath oped his ponderous and marble jaws  
To cast thee up again ! What may this mean ? ”

HAMLET, ACT I. Scene iv.



## THE MISTAKE.

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THERE was no happier man in the wide world, than Phelim O'Rourke, from the longest day he could remember, until that on which he was married, and alas, that we should have to record it, no one so miserable ever after. His fate was the more pitiable, that he was unusually cautious in entering on a state which was to fix the good or evil fortune of his future life. He did not embrace it as a mere boy, he was verging fast beyond manhood at the time, he had known the object of his choice from childhood, and he devoted a fortnight of deep contemplation to the affair before shrovetide. But after the inextricable knot was tied, the grounds upon which his unfortunate attachment rested, proved

beyond all conception unsubstantial. The gay good humour of little Anty O'Donnel, the tender look, the glad welcome and above all the winning obsequiousness of manner, which first caught his heart, one by one, faded, like fairy gifts away, in the person of Mrs. O'Rourke, until at the end of five or six months, he began almost to call in question, the fact of their having ever had any existence. He sometimes thought to himself, that he must have been juggled by witchcraft, or his imagination deluded by some love potion, perhaps privately administered by Anty. When he went from home in the morning, instead of the fond farewell look, which, in his young fancy, he imagined would daily follow him to his early labour, he had to endure the frowning glances of his helpmate, and her oft repeated charges about his tarrying out after work time; for the joyous welcome home, he met a reception that would have augured a change for the worse, in the wife of Rip Van Winkle? and for the fond anxiety to please in their frequent communings, a total disregard to every wish of his heart, and a determined resolution to have every thing her own way.

Phelim was happily for himself, of a very elastic temperament. If he was easily depressed by his evil fortune, he was also easily elated when his better star seemed to be in the ascendant; and perhaps if the settled cloudiness of Anty's countenance, had been ever so rarely visited with a gleam of sunshine, he might have considered his fate, though a very chequered one, as not quite insupportable. But the season of her ill-humour sat in after wedlock like a polar night to the northern mariner, long and hopeless and with no promise of a future day. "I have heard tell," he used to mutter to himself, in his moments of bitterness, "of a woman's leading a man the life of a dog, but sure a dog has a fine life of it compared to mine. He's up with the sun, delighting himself with his sports in the grassy fields, and there's no living eye takes envy at his amusement; he gets his mess in peace in the chimney corner, twice in the day, without toil or trouble, and he sleeps like a kitten, by the fireside all night, without drammin or startin as I do, thinken of the day's doens; if he gets an odd kick or a batin, he knows tis'nt out of any ill will, and it

doesn't dwell on his mind a minute after the pain is gone ; and if he hears a tongue equal to Anty's, tis'nt expected he'll understand it. Oh ! mo leare ! the life of a dog is a fine life."

Time, which it is said wears down the edge of the sharpest evil, did very little in his weary course for Phelim O'Rourke, when the cholera suddenly reached his neighbourhood, and committed awful havoc in every direction. There was the greatest consternation throughout the district, and the visitation was met by every one in fear and trembling, except by those for whom misery had already stript death of his terrors. Phelim could not be altogether placed among the latter class, nor said to be wholly devoid of apprehension, yet anticipating some respite to his torments, from the very natural hope, that Anty's temper would be mollified by the universal panic, he was much less depressed than the multitude. Even a furtive smile might be sometimes detected playing about his mouth, on the announcement of some new and appalling stroke of the destroyer, when he observed the smooth and pallid fear overspreading the brow of his partner, and

a silence, sudden as the palsy arresting her conversation. It at length unfortunately attracted Anty's notice, and as may be conjectured, convinced from that moment, that he was felicitating himself on the prospect of her seizure with the disease, her rage knew no bounds. Every thrill or start of terror she experienced, as the danger encreased about her, furnished new ground for suspicion! his very looks were watched, and examined with a metaphysical acuteness, and the faintest expression traced home to its iniquitous source, until all his anticipations, of even temporary repose, were buried in the darkest disappointment, the spring by which he thought to lie down for awhile and drink the sweet waters of contentment, pouring out for him only new draughts of bitterness.

When we mention that five years had already rolled over the heads of this ill-starred pair, and they were still living in one house, and partaking of the same meals in so decorous a manner, as to keep their domestic agreements in some degree hidden from the public, it will be admitted that Phelim was a man of the most enduring patience. With whatever amount however,

of Christian resignation, he suffered this sort of life, he could not always avoid indications of peevishness and vexation at his lot. He was often heard to say, "I wish to Heaven I was taken off at once by the sickness, and 'twould be an ease to me," sometimes indeed, it must be confessed, another alternative floated dimly in the perspective, when his wicked angel whispered the question in his ear, "wouldn't it answer as well Phelim, if it took off little Anty." His better feelings nevertheless always discountenanced those evil suggestions, as well as the contingent results of such an occurrence, which his busy imagination was ever ready to disport in when permitted to go at large.

It happened one morning, as they were sitting to breakfast, that they heard a cry next door, and in a few minutes after a person ran in and informed them that the woman who lived there, and her three children had been carried off by the cholera in the night, leaving the disconsolate husband alone in the world. Mrs. O'Rourke's eye, after she had recovered from the shock which the first announcement of the news had occasioned, fixed itself instinctively on Phelim, and



again she saw or fancied she saw, instead of the natural expression of countenance at such awful accounts, a shrouded delight beaming in his looks, which was very badly concealed in his awkward semblance of sympathy for the sufferers. Her ire was instantly kindled, and after a pause of a few minutes during which she was endeavouring to subdue the up-bursting violence into, what she hoped might even for its newness prove more cutting, a bitter irony she observed.

“ Pleasant news this fine mornen Mistor O'Rourke ; the loss of so many poor innocent craythurs at a sweep is enough to delight the heart of any one !”

“ What do you mane be that Anty returned Phelim, 'twould be a strange bizness, if I wasnt sorry for poor Davy in his trouble ?”

Trouble enough ! retorted Anty, I b'lieve you'd give a thrifle to be in his case, for all, 'twould be the glory of your heart, you murthering crocodile, if the sickness come into us to day, and that you saw me decently laid under the sod in the even. I know your thoughts you villian, for all your long faces, I know

how you laugh in your heart within, when you hear of a poor woman dying, hopen it may come to my turn at last ; but I'll disappoint you ; wid the blessin of Heaven, I tell you, I'll disappoint you."

Phelim in vain protested against these accusations, and much more to the same purport passed between them, until the dispute reached a pitch, that he found by experience, it was not safe it should long maintain. He accordingly struck his colours and was hanging his head, after his usual fashion, in profound silence, waiting for the storm to subside, when the suddenness of that occurrence caught his attention and looking up into his wife's face, he thought he observed it singularly pale and grave. She was evidently struggling with some sudden terror, and on recovering her speech which she did at once, from the moment she saw Phelim fix his looks upon her, she exclaimed :

You have your wish you murtherer, if 'tis of any good to you, but 'tis your bad angel done it. If you had'nt sold yourself the wicked longing couldn't thrive with you."

"What's the matter now?" answered Phelim.

“I’m off,” cried Anty, “that’s all—run for the priest—run I tell you, and take your eyes off of me.”

“Erah, what’s the matter darlen,” asked the husband again with as strong an expression of anxiety as he could summon up.

“Don’t, darlen me you villin,” returned Anty, “I’m off and you know it—tis all your doens—tis out of the passion you put me into I got it—my death will be at your door.”

“Got what, avourneen?”

“Lave off your palaveren again, and get me the priest. Oh! the Lord help me. I’m off I believe—the cramp—the cramp. I’m done for in earnest—rub me—rub me—will any one get me the priest?”

Phelim now clearly saw that she was getting the Cholera, for while she was speaking, her voice began to grow hoarse and whispering; her face became blueish and shrunk to half its usual size, her eyes were sinking in her head, like those of a wasted corpse, and a cold sweat was oozing out from every pore. Rub me you vagabond, if there’s any compassion left for your poor murdered wife. Oh my leg—

my leg—rub me—won't any one rub me—there—there—higher up—oh my foot—the other foot—wont I get the priest at all, Dheelen."

A woman happening to come in at the moment, attracted by her cries, the astounded husband left his wife, in her care, and darted off for the priest. We shall not venture to analyse his reflections by the way, nor offer a conjecture as to their nature. It is sufficient to say, that by the time he 'reached Father Mc Mahon's residence his countenance had attained a very decorous length, and he was not wanting in a due degree of impatience, to hurry back with the worthy man. They left the door together, and though the priest was mounted very tolerably, and pushed on, as in all cases of urgency, at rather a rapid rate, he was far outstript by the anxious Phelim who stood again by poor Anty's side, before it could have been thought possible for him, to traverse such a distance.

The neighbours were at the time holding a consultation in an anti-chamber, to determine what was the best course to be pursued with her.

"Take her to the Hospital at once," says one, who

thought the farther and the sooner she was removed from his own domicile the better.

“’Tis the best way,” says a second, “for she’s a gone woman if there isn’t something done for her in a hurry.”

“Gone or not gone,” exclaimed a third, who proved to be a sister of Anty’s, “she’ll never set foot in the Hospital. I’ll not have her pisened be the Docthors any way.”

“Indeed ’tis seldom they’re throublesome afther comen out of their hands,” observed a pedlar who stood listening in the crowd, “they’re the quieter for visiting ’em ever afther to my knowledge.”

“Thru for him, faix,” cried another, “many’s the fine young boy or girl I see go in to ’em stout and ruddy, and come out in the mornen with their feet foremost.”

“Eyeh, don’t be runnen ’em down that way,” observed a little tailor, who had obtained some reputation as a wit, “they’re not so bad after all; go into ’em ever so bare or naked and they never fails to send you out with a new wooden jacket and steel buttons!”

“Ulaloo! the vagabonds,” exclaimed the sister, “they destroy ’em with their physics; sure I seen ’em with my own two eyes in the Hospital, changing colour as soon as they drank ’em off.”

“No wondher,” rejoined the pedlar, “when they’re paid for it.”

“Paid by whom,” exclaimed half a dozen voices simultaneously.

“By the Government,” returned the pedlar, “who else? There are too many of us in the country entirely, and we’re for ever fighten, and night-walken, and given the world in all of throuble. They thried emigration, and transportation, and turnen us out to starve on the high roads by what they call the subletting act, and they thried the threadmill, and even hanging itself, and t’was to no purpose. So they med up their minds at last to rid the country of us be pisening us like varmin, and when the cholera come, they tuck advantage of the Docthors to do it, be way of curen, unknownst to us.”

“See that why!” ejaculated several.

“’Tis a good hundred pounds to ’em at any rate.

every poor soul they put out of pain," continued the pedlar.

A low "Dheelen!" (God help us.) was heard from the crowd.

The priest had now arrived, and seeing Mrs. O'Rourke in such a deplorable way that there was not a moment to be lost, recommended strongly, that she should be at once removed to the Hospital. He met however, perhaps in consequence of the pedlars communication, with more opposition than he expected, especially from Anty's sister, a Mrs. Judy O'Leary, of whom we have before made mention. He at length thought it better to refer the dispute to Phelim as the fittest person to give a final decision on the subject.

"I'll take the advice of Father Mac," cried Phelim in a melancholy tone, "he's the best judge, and moreover I have a great opinion of the Docthors." Phelim had been attentively listening to the pedlars account of them.

"I tell you Phelim," roared Judy, "if you take her there, she'll never come out of it a living woman!"

“The will of God be done!” replied Phelim, “how can we help it.”

“Be not putting her in there, you neygur,” exclaimed the indignant sister, “is it to get rid of her you want?”

The priest, perceiving that the difference of opinion between the parties was likely to increase, interposed before it reached a climax, and demanded of Judy, what she meant by insinuating such imputations against the Hospital, where respectable medical gentlemen were risking their lives night and day, amidst the most shocking scenes, in the hope of rescuing even a few lives from the pestilence.

“Eyeh! the notorious thieves of the earth,” returned Judy, “tisn’t for nothing they’re doen it, and as for recoveren people, arn’t the Hospitals open now as good as a fortnight, and for the hundred that come out in coffins, there isn’t one yet come out in his clothes!”

Phelim heaved a deep sigh.

“My good woman,” observed the priest, “this is all a foolish prejudice. The disease is a dreadful one and people must die of it wherever they are, but in-



dependent of any other consideration, I think the safety of the neighbourhood should be considered: there will be danger of the sickness extending itself, if the poor creature is left here."

"I'll take care of her myself," answered Judy, "if she's left, and no one else need come near her."

"No, no, Judy a lanive," exclaimed Phelim a little alarmed, "I'll not have you or the neighbourhood in danger by any means. No, no, avourneen, I'd sooner suffer any loss," and he wiped his eye with the skirt of his coat, "I'd sooner suffer any loss, than have the sickness spreading about like wild-fire, as it will, if poor Anty's left here."

"Thru for you Phelim," responded the alarmed crowd, "t'will be through every house on the road before mornen, if she's not taken to the Hospital."

"They'll be but few of us left to tell it, I'm afeerd," said Phelim. "May Heaven protect us!"

As the sense of the meeting ran entirely with Phelim on the necessity of poor Anty's removal, it was in vain that the persevering Judy still held out, and endeavoured to convince them that she would so contrive

to nurse-tend her sister, as to cut of all communication with those residing about her. It was carried by acclamation that she should be taken off to the Hospital, and the cholera cot having been summoned to the spot, she was laid into it, in a state, that without much aid from the Doctors, gave a fair promise of her never revisiting her little home again. Phelim followed, slowly and with a dejected look, in the wake of the cotmen, and they all soon disappeared from the sympathizing eyes of the anxious and apprehensive crowd.

He returned to his cabin alone, and as David wept for his son while he was yet living, but became resigned when hope and anxiety were alike over, so Phelim grieved for little Anty throughout the day, shedding abundance of tears, but at night, when a messenger arrived directing him to bring a coffin to the Hospital, the fountain of his sorrows became dried up. "If I was to weep for a hundred years," he observed, "sure 'twouldn't bring her back again to me, poor thing! 'tis only flying in the face of Heaven not to submit to my misfortune like a christian: there's no knowing how soon it may be my own turn." He ac-

cordingly attended at the Hospital gate with a becoming spirit and having delivered in the coffin, received it in his car from the hands of the porter and cotmen again, freighted with the remains of Mrs Anty O'Rourke, as was testified by the chalk inscription on the cover. He immediately proceeded to the burying ground, accompanied by the Hospital grave-digger, with whose solitary assistance she was consigned to her last resting place.

Death was a matter of too common occurrence in these days, to leave that deep or permanent gloom after it, which it is sure to do where its visits, as in ordinary times, are but few and far between. Individual distress, however great, seemed of small amount, even in the estimation of the sufferer, while the pestilence was still laying life waste in every direction about him. When at the end of some ten or fifteen days it at length quitted Phelim's neighbourhood, to hunt for prey in some new or untouched district, his misfortune was but an old and ordinary one in public remembrance. He had indeed ceased to grieve on the subject himself, though the image of poor Anty, he

declared, still haunted his mind, and, however long he lived, could never be effaced from his memory. This assertion, however, very soon came to be doubted by his acquaintances. The living picture of Maggy Fitzgerald, a blooming girl who lived in his vicinity, was seen too frequently by his side, to permit the supposition that a rival from among the dead could occupy any very permanent place in his imagination. The truth was, that within three weeks after his late loss, Phelim was once more over head and ears in love. He had forgotten, or ceased to think of all his troubles and disappointments, and of such strange materials is the human heart made up, his affections were as fondly and utterly given away in this new attachment as if he had never loved or been deceived by woman.

Fortune, however, seemed now fully disposed to make him amends for the long period of her desertion. His days passed on in uninterrupted dreams of delight, his nights in refreshing slumbers, and the lark welcomed the golden morning with a song less blithful. The blissful period that was to complete his happiness

was at length fixed, and day after day, the rosy-footed hours kept whispering as they passed of the joys that were approaching, but alas for poor humanity! how uncertain are its hopes! how fleeting its enjoyments! on the very eve of the wedding, a friend broke the dreadful secret to him, that it was generally rumoured through the country Mrs. Anty O'Rourke was still alive! Phelim sprung three feet from his stool at the announcement, clapping his hands and exclaiming, "murder!" as he came to the ground. On recovering his recollection, however, and calming a little, he totally denied the possibility of such an occurrence, described minutely his having himself received the coffin containing her remains from the porter, and his having buried it beneath three feet of earth with the assistance of the grave-digger. That they even rolled a great rock over the spot afterwards, which no unaided human effort could roll off again, so that, admitting such an absurdity as her returning to life after interment, there was no possible way by which she could extricate herself from the grave. He partly satisfied his informant by these explanations, but by no means

removed the hankering suspicion from his own mind, though perfectly at a loss to account for it. Somebody, it was said, had actually seen and spoken to her, and though reports as groundless, every day find circulation, this one came too mal-apropos, to be treated with perfect indifference. He pondered and enquired, and pondered again, until the subject took such entire possession of his mind, that he felt he could neither rest nor sleep until he had his doubts cleared up in one way or another. He accordingly came to the resolution of visiting the hospital, and investigating the matter most minutely.

On arriving at the gate, he lifted the knocker with palpitating heart, feeling that his fate depended on the decision of the next few moments. The porter appeared and demanded his business.

“Will you tell me, if you please,” answered Phe-  
lim, “do you remember a woman of the name of  
Anty O'Rourke, that I brought in here sick of the  
cholera, a little time ago.”

“I do, well,” returned the porter.

“What became of her.”

“She was discharged, cured about three weeks ago.”

“Cured!” ejaculated Phelim, his jaw dropping and his eyes dilating like saucers.”

“Iss to be sure, [do you think we never cure any one,” returned the porter, with an air of offended dignity.

“I dont mane that,” faltered Phelim, but my—my—my wife.”

“Oh, ho! she was your wife, was she?” “why then I never see one take the recovery of his wife so much to heart before.”

“She’s dead, I tell you,” cried Phelim, “’tis a mistake of yours—you—you yourself put her corpse in the coffin for me, five weeks ago, and gev it into my own two hands at this very doore, dont you remember here at this doore? do agra, try to remember—’tis as true as daylight.”

“I dont remember any sitch[thing,” answered the porter.

“Oh murther,” exclaimed Phelim striking his hands against his forehead.

“May-be,” continued the porter, “I gev you some one else in a mistake.”

“Oh murther!” roared Phelim again, as with hands still pressed to his forehead, he moved backwards and forwards before the gate, stamping the ground vehemently at every step.

“Faix, it sometimes happens us, for all,” continued the porter, “when there’s a great number of ’em goes off in the night. The names are pinned on ’em when they’re thrun in the dead house, but sometimes they slips off again you know, and then we’re all at a dead loss, not knowen one from another, so no wondther a mistake should happen—some one else’s wife I giv you I suppose!

Phelim upon whom some new light seemed to be breaking during this explanation, now started out of his reverie, and catching the porters hand with eagerness, exclaimed, “Tell me one thing now like an honest man, and may the heavens be your bed as you tell me truly, do ye ever have two people of the same name in the hospital at the same time.

“Eyeh! plague on ’em for names! to be sure we do,



almost every day—there's no pleasing the people at all 'count of the bother we have with the way they're christened all Paddy's or Davey's or Mary's or Peggy's till we cant tell one from another; but death and age, man," continued the porter suddenly elevating his voice, "why do you squeeze my hand that way."

"I did'nt mane any offence by it, avourneen", responded Phelim, "I'd be sorry to hurt a hair o' your head, but I have one question more to put to you. What sort of a woman was it be the name of Anty O'Rourke, that you turned out cured?"

"A handy little skeleton of a creature then, that no cholera could kill—one that the world couldn't plaze—scold—scolding always, and with looks that ud freeze a turnip when anybody venthured to answer her."

Phelim's heart sunk within him again: he summoned courage however to continue the investigation.

"E'then, do you know at all, did she get much medicine from the Docthers?"

"She couldn't be got to taste as much as a drop for any of 'em," replied the porter.

“Lord help us,” ejaculated Phelim with a deep sigh.

“But how is it,” said the porter, “now I think on it, if she was your wife, that she didn’t go home to you.”

“Thru for you,” answered Phelim rubbing his hands and brightening up at a thought which had never occurred to him before. “What is it I’m thinking of at all; sure if she and I were on the living airth, she’d find me out in half the time. The power av the world ud hardly keep her from me, for three whole weeks, that is, if she had her walk and her five senses. I’m the rail fool and not to recollect that at wanst. No! no! poor ooman, she’s dead and buried long enough to keep quiet for my day at any rate: sure I helped to make the grave and throw the earth on her myself!”

“I’ll be bail then, she has the good winter’s coat of it,” observed the porter smiling, “you wouldn’t like to let the frost to her, poor thing!”

“Eyeh! no matter,” returned Phelim, “tis equal how we lie, when it comes to that with us, but I’m obleeged to you for your information entirely, a good evenen.”

“ Safe home to you Misther O'Rourke” cried the porter the smile still playing about his mouth, “ and if I hear anythin of Anty's stirren about, I'll not fail to come with the news to you.”

Phelim quickened his pace, and pretended not to hear, muttering however when he reached a sufficient distance to vent his feelings with impunity, “ wisha asy enough it is with you, that haven't chick nor child, nor any thing but your own four bones to throuble you ; may-be when you marry, you'll not have your jokes so ready, and faix when you do, all the harm I wish you, is a wife equal to Anty.”

On arriving at home, Phelim recovered his spirits and made every preparation for the wedding. After trying on a new suit of clothes which was made for him by a Limerick tailor, fitting himself with a shining caroline hat, and reviewing his figure, with due particularity, in a broken piece of a mirror which he had neatly set in polished ash, he spent the evening at the bride's. To such as have loved it is needless to tell that he did not return home until the moon was going to her rest, and that he then lay down on his humble

bed to pass away the time in chiding the lazy hours, that one by one came slowly to his pillow to tell him of the approaching morning.

At last came the joyous wedding day, and with it, from far and near, the guests came gathering to the merry house of the bride. The weather was unpropitious for the morning had set in with wind and rain in all the gloom of beginning winter, but the barn, in which for the sake of increased room, the company were assembled, was defended by a thick coating of thatch from the power of the storm, and a roaring fire blazing at the upper end, gave a fair guarantee against the influence of the cold. The wedding baked meats were set forth, the bagpipes had struck up a merry air, and the priest had already taken his place at the head of the banqueting table, when a loud knocking was heard at the door, and a poor woman, wrapped in a cloak, who sought shelter from the weather was admitted to a seat by the fireside. The occurrence was too common to occasion much observation, and the feast proceeded. Great and fearful was the destruction on every hand, and stunning was the noise of the de-

lighted multitude. After the meats and other substantial elements of the entertainment had disappeared and a becoming time was allowed for discussing the punch, they all arose at a signal from the priest, and a little circle was formed at the upper end of the apartment, in the centre of which he placed himself, with Phelim and Maggy before him. The important ceremony was now about to take place which was to make them happy for ever, and an anxious silence reigned throughout the room, broken only by the whisper of some of the elders to one another, or the suppressed titter of some sly maiden, at the bashful bearing of the bride. Just as the priest took the book, a loud cough was heard from the stranger. No one took notice of it except Phelim; but as soon as he heard it, he started as if he had been electrified and let fall Maggy's hand from his own. Then looking towards the fire-place where the old woman was sitting, a cold shivering came over him, and large drops of perspiration hung glistening on his forehead.

“What's the matter with you darlin.” exclaimed Maggy, terrified at the change which came over him.

“Nothing achree,” replied the bridegroom, “but a weakness that come upon me, when I heard that cough from the ind of the room, it was so like the sound of one, that I was once used to, but that can never be heard in this world again.”

Scarcely had he uttered the words when another cough resounded in the same direction, and again a sudden terror seized upon Phelim, his teeth began to chatter, his limbs to tremble, and he kept looking up towards the fire-place like one that was fairy-stricken.

“Heaven purtect us!” he ejaculated in a faint whisper to himself.

“Phelim—Phelim, honey !” cried Maggy dreadfully alarmed.

“Sure,” muttered he, heedless of the voice of the bride and gazing vacantly in the one direction, “I berried her with my own two hands!”

“What ails you Phelim ?” exclaimed the priest, shaking him by the shoulder, to arouse him out of the stupor which seemed to oppress him, “are you ill? or what is all this strange proceeding about.”

“I’m not well indeed, your reverence,” replied Phelim

recovering himself, "I don't know what's the matter, but I'm sure I'll be quite well when this business is over. Let us go on."

He took Maggy's hand again, and the priest proceeded, but when Phelim commenced to repeat the customary words after him, "I take thee Margaret Fitzgerald for my wedded wife," his eyes instinctively fixed itself on the little woman at the fire-place, when to his utter horror he saw her slowly rising from her stool and throwing back the cloak from her head, turn round to the company. A general scream acknowledged the presence of Mrs. Anty O'Rourke! She settled her look steadily on Phelim and walked slowly towards him. He staggered back two or three steps and would have fallen, had he not been supported by those about him. Her person seemed to grow taller as she advanced—her countenance more ferocious than he had ever seen it, and she was struggling with suppressed passion to such a degree as for some moments to impede her utterance. When her feelings at length found vent in words, she shook her clenched fist at him, at once relieving the party from all suspense as

to her spectral character. "You villian," she exclaimed, you thought you got rid of me—did you? You thought you had three feet of the sod over me, and that you might get on wid your pranks as you pleased yourself, but I'll spoil your divarsion for you. I'll trait you wid a wife, so I will, you unnatural dog. Your darlen indeed (curtsying to Maggy). Your Maggy achree. So ma'am—hem. Nothen ud satisfy you but to be Mrs. O'Rourke, Mrs. O'Rourke enagh! Why you unmoral, unproper character would you have the man marry two wives? would you have him scandalize the whole country? Oh you rail Turk (to Phelim) I have been watching every turn of you, these three weeks back; I've seen your doens—your coorten and dearen and drinken. What's become av the pig you hangman? the pig that I reared from a bonnive wid my own hands. Yes, two hands—look at em—not so white as Maggy's may-be, but belonging to Mrs. O'Rourke for all that, thankee. Where's my pig again you born villin?"

Poor Phelim somewhat aroused by the fury of this attack endeavoured to collect his scattered senses and



get out of so awkward a business as decently as he could, but the greater his anxiety to appease her indignation, the longer his explanations—the more abject his apologies—the higher Anty's wrath mounted, until at length in the climax of a violent fit, she fell on the floor perfectly insensible.

The interest was now suddenly changed. The feelings of the party, which a moment before ran altogether in Phelim's favour, now set back in a returning tide of pity for the unfortunate Anty. All was anxiety and readiness to assist her, and no effort suggested for her recovery was left untried. Water was splashed in her face, feathers burnt under her nose, and attempts were even made at opening a vein by a skilful farrier who happened to be among the guests, but every thing they ventured to do for her relief proved for a time fruitless. While the crowd was still pressing round her, Phelim lay in a chair by the fire-side, overcome with suspense and agitation, but after the lapse of some twenty or thirty minutes, suspecting from various exclamations which reached him, from time to time, from the group around his wife, that

there were hopes of her coming to, he roused himself up and beckoning Davy Dooley, an old companion of his, to the door, he addressed him with a look full of meaning and in a gentle under tone.

“Isn’t this a purty business Davy?”

“The quarest I ever seen in my born days,” replied Davy, “she’s coming to I believe.”

“We must have a Docthor, Davy,” rejoined the husband, eyeing his friend with the same intent look.

“Eyeh! plague on ’em for Docthors, had’nt they her onder their hands before?”

“They wern’t to blame any way Davy, she gev em no fair play either for death or recovery. The porter tould me she would’nt taste a dhrop of their medicines if they were to flay her alive for it.”

“’Twas like her cuteness,” observed Davy.

“Well, but listen to me,” continued Phelim, and stooping over, he muttered something into the ear of his friend.

“No better on Ireland ground,” exclaimed Davy, slapping his hands in approval of the communication, “a kind tender-hearted man that never keeps poor

craythurs long in pain. Oh! begannies he's the real Docthor."

"Away with you then, arragal," cried Phelim, I hear her voice getten stronger, offer him any money, run, aroo! oh! mavrone!"

"Where's Davy going?" enquired the priest as he saw him hastily leaving the door.

"Sending him off for the Docthor, I am your reverence," answered Phelim, "for I'll never let her set foot in the hospital again. They neglected her there entirely, them rogues of nurse-tenders, and so I'll have her attended at home now, where she'll be med take every whole happerth the Docthor ordhers for her."

"You're an honest and a sensible man Phelim observed the Priest, and I admire your behaviour very much in all this strange business. I'm glad to find, too, you're not giving way to that foolish and wicked prejudice against the Docthors which has been so prevalent since the Cholera commenced."

"I'd be sorry to undervalue the gentlemen your reverence," returned Phelim, "sure, what ud I do at all now without 'em, and poor Anty is so bad. I wonder is there any chance for her?"

“Very little I fear Phelim: it appears like an apoplectic attack.”

“Is it anything of a lingering dizaze your reverence,” continued the husband in a faltering tone.

“Not at all,” replied the Priest, “it is generally a very sudden one.”

“Ove! ove! the poor craythur! I believe she’s a gone woman,” observed Phelim again, enquiringly.

“Indeed I fear so,” answered the priest, “unless the Doctor can do something for her.”

As he spoke Davy came running in; the Doctor followed at a more dignified pace. He had met with him by good fortune a few perches from the cabin and immediately secured his attendance.

On examining the patient, the Doctor shook his head despondingly.

“A bad case,” he half muttered to himself, “a bad case! too far gone for medicine!”

“Thry something, your honour,” exclaimed Phelim earnestly, “She was as bad or worse before and she recovered of it.”

“Not so bad as she is now,” replied the Doctor

despondingly. "However, I must do the best I can," and writing a few words on a scrap of paper, he directed Phelim to take it to the Dispensary, where he would get two powders, one of which he was to give his wife as soon as ever he returned, and the second at five o'clock, if she lived so long.

The people cast ominous looks at one another, as he concluded, and the Doctor and priest departed together. Davy meantime started off afresh for the medicine, and as soon as he got back, took care to see it administered strictly as the Doctor ordered. At ten minutes to five precisely, Mrs. Anty O'Rourke took her departure for another world.

"She's dead!" whispered Davy, as he laid his hand on Phelims shoulder, who was hanging drowsily over the dying embers on the hearthstone.

"Dead!" ejaculated Phelim, springing from his seat, as if half astounded at the news, "dead all out is she Davy?"

"Dead as a doornail," returned Davy, and tis just on the stroke of five!"

"Think o' that Davy," uttered Phelim faintly, and squeezed the hand of his friend.

“Faix he was very exact in his business,” rejoined his companion significantly, “Oh mo leare! they’re the dearies for Docthors!”

“Say nothen Davy—say nothen,” observed the widower, “sure he did as he was taught at the university. He was a kind man, so he was, and I’ll not forget it to him.”

Phelim was as good as his word; the week after the decease and funeral of poor Anty, he had the doctor invited to another wedding feast at which the affair between himself and the blooming Maggy was concluded without any farther interruption, and he was ever after his most intrepid defender when any of the old women in his neighbourhood ventured to tamper with his reputation. He was indeed often heard to declare, “he’d go to the world’s end for the Doctor—do anything for him—anything in life—but take his medicine.

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Having concluded his tale, greatly to the regret of his hearers, who were much interested in the vicissitudes of fortune which it unfolded, the fourth juror

without waiting to be called upon, "cleared the cobwebs out of his throat," as he facetiously expressed himself, with a premonitory cough, after which he acquitted himself of the musical part of his obligation in the following manner.

## I.

Hark, Erin! the blast is blown on the heath,  
That summons thy sons to conquest or death;  
The lines are all set in fearful array,  
And thou must be saved or ruin'd to day.  
Like the flood of the winter, resistless and grand,  
Forth rushed to the shock the strength of the land;  
And hearty and free was the ready halloo  
That answered the call of Brian Boru.

## II.

"Oh! trust not that form so aged and dear  
Amid the wild crash of target and spear,  
Bright star of the field and light of the hall,  
Our ruin is sure if Brian should fall."  
Like the waves of the west that burst on the rock  
The hosts at the morning rushed to the shock,  
But ere his last beam was quench'd in the sea,  
The Raven was quell'd and Erin was free.

## III.

Yet hush'd be the sound of trumpet and drum  
And silent as death let victory come ;  
For he, at whose call the chieftains arose,  
All bleeding and cold was found at the close.  
And Erin is sad though burst is her chain  
And loud was the wail that rose o'er the plain ;  
For Victory cost more tears on that shore  
Than ever defeat or Ruin before.

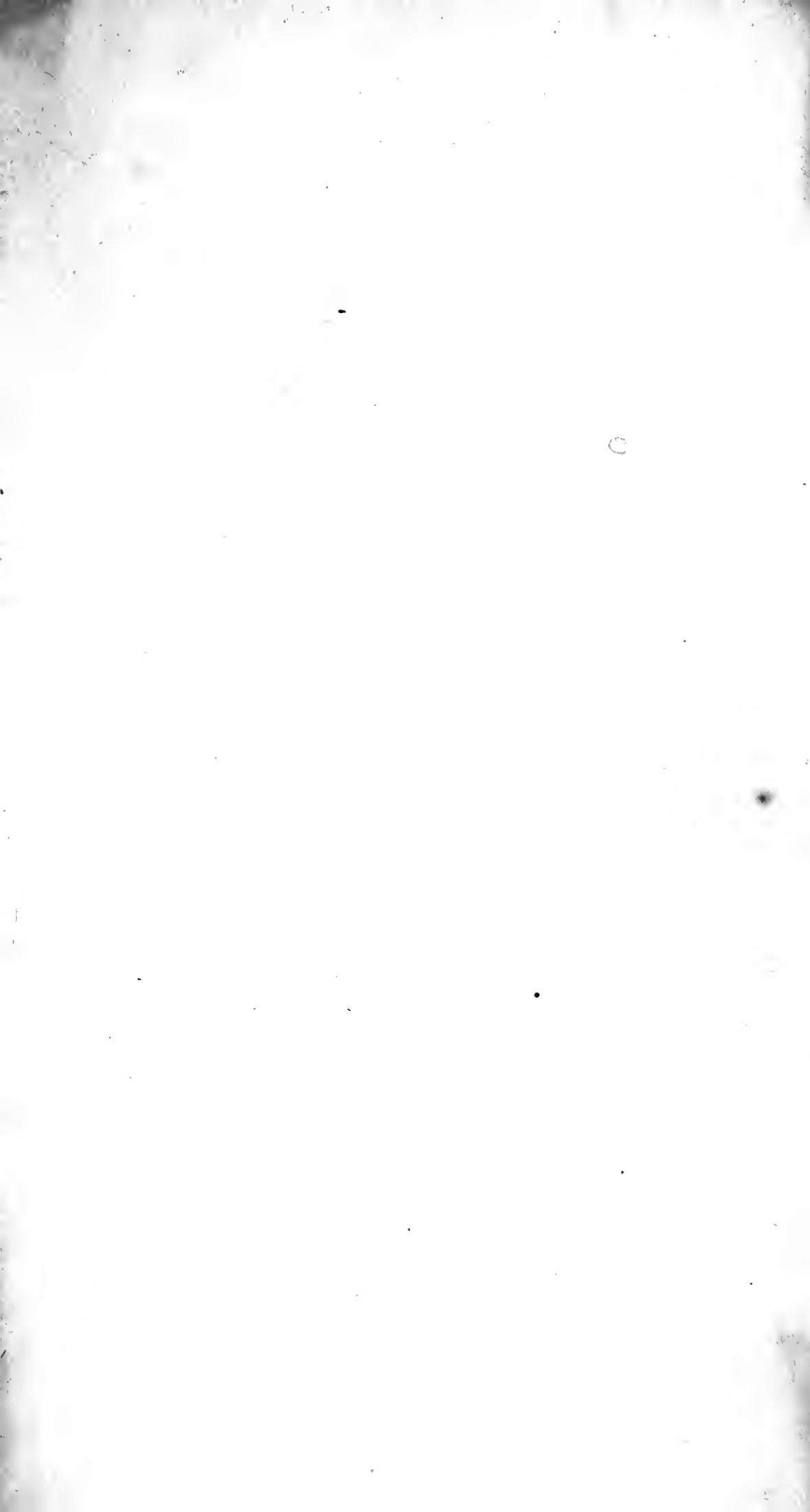
Loud applause followed the conclusion of the song of the fourth juror, after which without any preamble, the gentleman who sat next in order commenced as follows :

END OF VOL. I.

LONDON :

J. WYATT, Printer, 4, The Terrace, Old Kent Road.









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